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THREE LITTLE MAIDS

A New and Original Musical Play

IN THREE ACTS.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY

PAUL A. RUBENS.

ADDITIONAL NUMBERS BY

PERCY GREENBANK

AND

HOWARD TALBOT.

---

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HENDERSON AND SPALDING
MARYLEBONE PRESS
PRINTERS
13 & 14 MARYLEBONE LANE

M1508 MUSIC
R82T47

Produced by Mr. George Edwardes and Mr. Charles Frohman at the Apollo and Prince of Wales' Theatres

THREE LITTLE MAIDS.

CHARACTERS.

EDNA BRANSCOMBE	*Daughters of the Rev. Theodore Branscombe.*	MISS EDNA MAY.
HILDA BRANSCOMBE		MISS HILDA MOODY.
ADA BRANSCOMBE		MISS MADGE CRICHTON.
LADY ST. MALLORY		MISS LOTTIE VENNE.
LADY ROSEMARY BEAULIEU	*Protégées of Lady St. Mallory*	MISS MILLIE LEGARDE.
VENETIA GRAFTON		MISS BETTY BELKNAP.
LADY MARJORY CRICHTON		MISS RUBY RAY.
MISS DEARE (*Postmistress at Market Mallory*)		MISS SYBIL GREY.
MISS CRANE (*a Village Girl*)		MISS HILDA JEFFREYS.
MISS PRICE (*Manageress of the Tea Shop*)		MISS JANE MAY.
HON. BOBBIE WINDSOR (*an Eton Boy*)		MISS VINCENT.
MISS EFFIE THAMES		MISS EFFIE RIVERS.
LORD CHEYNE (*nicknamed "Daisy"*)		MR. G. P. HUNTLEY.
BRIAN MOLYNEUX		MR. J. L. MACKAY.
REV. THEODORE BRANSCOMBE (*Vicar of Market Mallory*)		MR. JOHN BEAUCHAMP.
"CUPID" (*a Caddy*)		MR. GEORGE CARROLL.
M. DE L'ORME (*of the French Embassy*)		MR. MAURICE FARKOA.

Country Girls, Tea Girls, Golfers, Guests, &c.

ACT I.—Golf Links at Market Mallory	HAWES CRAVEN.
ACT II.—A Bond Street Tea Shop	JOSEPH HARKER.
ACT III.—Lady St. Mallory's Drawing-room at Market Mallory	

Musical Director ... MR. HOWARD TALBOT.

CHO.

Since day-break the sun ve-ry bright-ly has shone, But

Since day-break the sun ve-ry bright-ly has shone, But

mp

CHO.

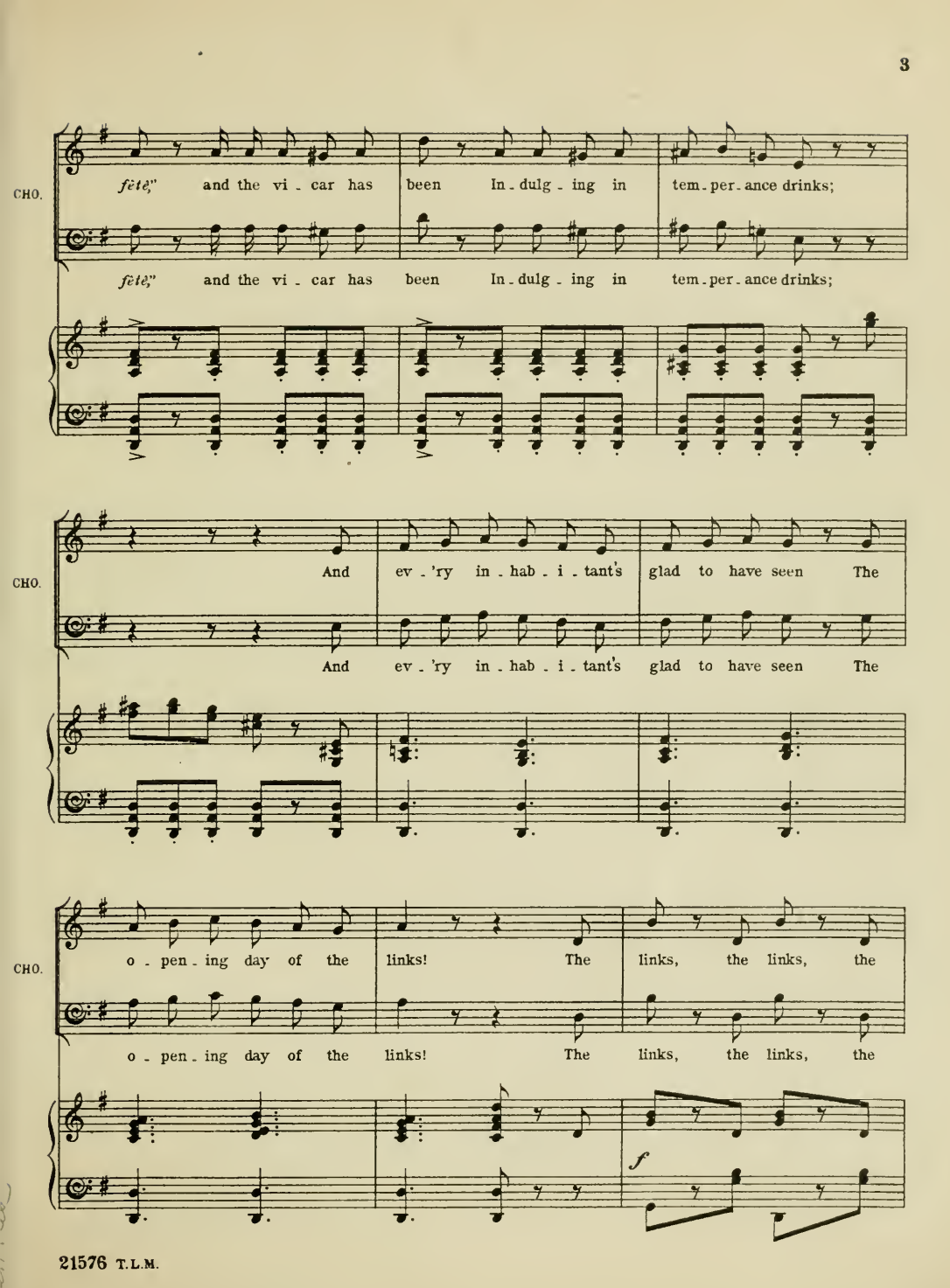
cer-tain-ly ev-'ry-one thinks The wea-ther could hard-ly help

cer-tain-ly ev-'ry-one thinks The wea-ther could hard-ly help

CHO.

smil-ing up-on The o-pen-ing day of the links. The town is "*en*

smil-ing up-on The o-pen-ing day of the links The town is "*en*


CHO.
fête," and the vi - car has been In - dulg - ing in tem - per - ance drinks;
fête," and the vi - car has been In - dulg - ing in tem - per - ance drinks;
CHO.
And ev - 'ry in - hab - i - tant's glad to have seen The
And ev - 'ry in - hab - i - tant's glad to have seen The
CHO.
o - pen - ing day of the links! The links, the links, the
o - pen - ing day of the links! The links, the links, the
f

CHO.

won - der - ful links! The bun - kers are shock - ing, but no - bo - dy shrinks; And

won - der - ful links! The bun - kers are shock - ing, but no - bo - dy shrinks; And

CHO.

peo - ple ar - riv - ing, Keep "put - ting" and "driv - ing" All o - ver these won - der - ful,

peo - ple ar - riv - ing, Keep "put - ting" and "driv - ing" All o - ver these won - der - ful,

CHO.

won - der - ful links. We've

won - der - ful links. We've

Tempo di Valse.

CHO.

weeks,

thought of this day for some weeks, for some weeks, And ev - e - ry

thought of this day for some weeks, for some weeks, And ev - e - ry

p

CHO.

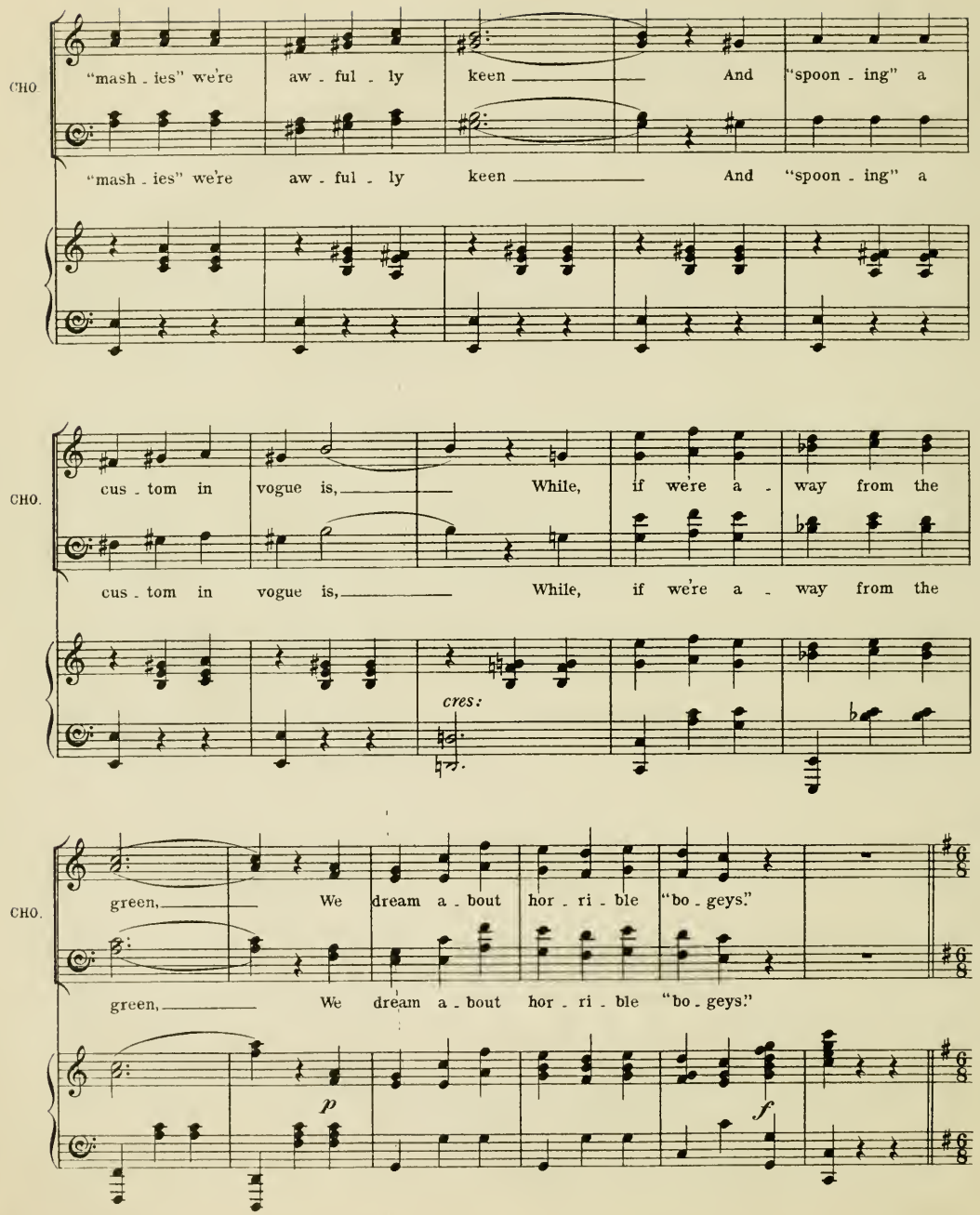
word that one ut - ters Has been a - bout "bras - seys" and "cleeks,"

word that one ut - ters Has been a - bout "bras - seys" and "cleeks,"

CHO.

— Or "nib - licks" and "i - rons" and "put - ters" On

— Or "nib - licks" and "i - rons" and "put - ters" On


CHO.
"mash - ies" we're aw - ful - ly keen And "spoon - ing" a
"mash - ies" we're aw - ful - ly keen And "spoon - ing" a
CHO.
cus - tom in vogue is, While, if we're a - way from the
cus - tom in vogue is, While, if we're a - way from the
cres:
CHO.
green, We dream a - bout hor - ri - ble "bo - geys."
green, We dream a - bout hor - ri - ble "bo - geys."
p
f

CHO.

The links, the links, the

The links, the links, the

Tempo I.

f

CHO.

won - der - ful links, The bun - kers are shock - ing, but no - bo - dy shrinks, And

won - der - ful links, The bun - kers are shock - ing, but no - bo - dy shrinks, And

CHO.

peo - ple ar - riv - ing, Keep "put - ting" and "driv - ing" All o - ver these won - der - ful,

peo - ple ar - riv - ing, Keep "put - ting" and "driv - ing" All o - ver these won - der - ful,

CHO.

won - der - ful links! The won - der - ful links, The won - der - ful links, The

won - der - ful links! The won - der - ful links, The won - der - ful links, The

f

CHO.

won - der - ful, won - der - ful links!

won - der - ful, won - der - ful links!

No 2. SONG. (Miss Deare) and CHORUS.

"ME AND THE POST."

Words and Music by PAUL A. RUBENS.

Allegro. 8va

Piano.

f

Miss D.

When I first saw Mar - ket Mal - lo - ry, There was - n't much Mar - ket
When first I came to Mal - lo - ry There was - n't a thing to

p

Miss D.

then, There was - n't a thing worth men - tion - ing, There were
do; For miles a - round not a soul was found who was

Miss D.

nei - ther girls nor men, There were nei - ther girls nor men; There was
un - der nine - ty - two. Who was un - der nine - ty - two. They

CHORUS.

Miss D.

f

p

Miss D.

just a mass of Mal - lo - ry, There was - n't a house to
never played Bridge at Mal - lo - ry, They nev - er made sin - ful

Miss D.

see, There was no - thing but a small mud hut, The
bets, But crime be - gan when a nice old man Bought a

CHORUS.

Miss D.

Gen - e - ral Post and me. The Gen - e - ral Post and
pack - et of cig - ar - ettes, Bought a pack - et of cig - ar -

REFRAIN.

Miss D.

CHO.

she. That's all there was of Mal - lo - ry, But
- ettes. That's all there was at Mal - lo - ry, But

Miss D.

things have changed you see, And now of course If
things have changed you see, You can e - ven buy a

Miss D.

you de - sire You can post a let - ter or send a wire, And
Gold mine share, Or a photo of Mis - ter La - bou - chere, And

Miss D.

all through me; You can learn a host 'Tween
all through me; You can learn a host 'Tween

CHORUS. Miss D. CHORUS.

Miss D.

me and the Post, The Gen - e - ral Post, And me. That's all there was at
me and the Post, The Gen - e - ral Post, And me. That's all there was at

ff

CHO.

Mal - lo - ry, But things have changed you see, And
Mal - lo - ry, But things have changed you see, You can

CHO.

now of course If you de - sire, You can post a let - ter or
e - ven buy a Gold mine share, Or a photo of Mis - ter

CHO.

send a wire, And all through she; You can learn a — host 'Tween
La - bou - chere, And all through she; You can learn a — host 'Tween

CHO.

Miss D.

she and the Post, The Gen - e - ral Post and me. me.
she and the Post, The Gen - e - ral Post and

D.C. 𝄋

No. 3. TRIO. (Edna, Hilda, and Ada.)

"THREE LITTLE MAIDS."

Words and Music by PAUL A. RUBENS.

Pastorale.

Piano.

Allegretto.

When the sea - son's o - ver, And you want a hol - i - day

We've not been to Lon - don, So, of course, we want to know;

'Mong the corn and clo - ver, Won't you come a - long this way?

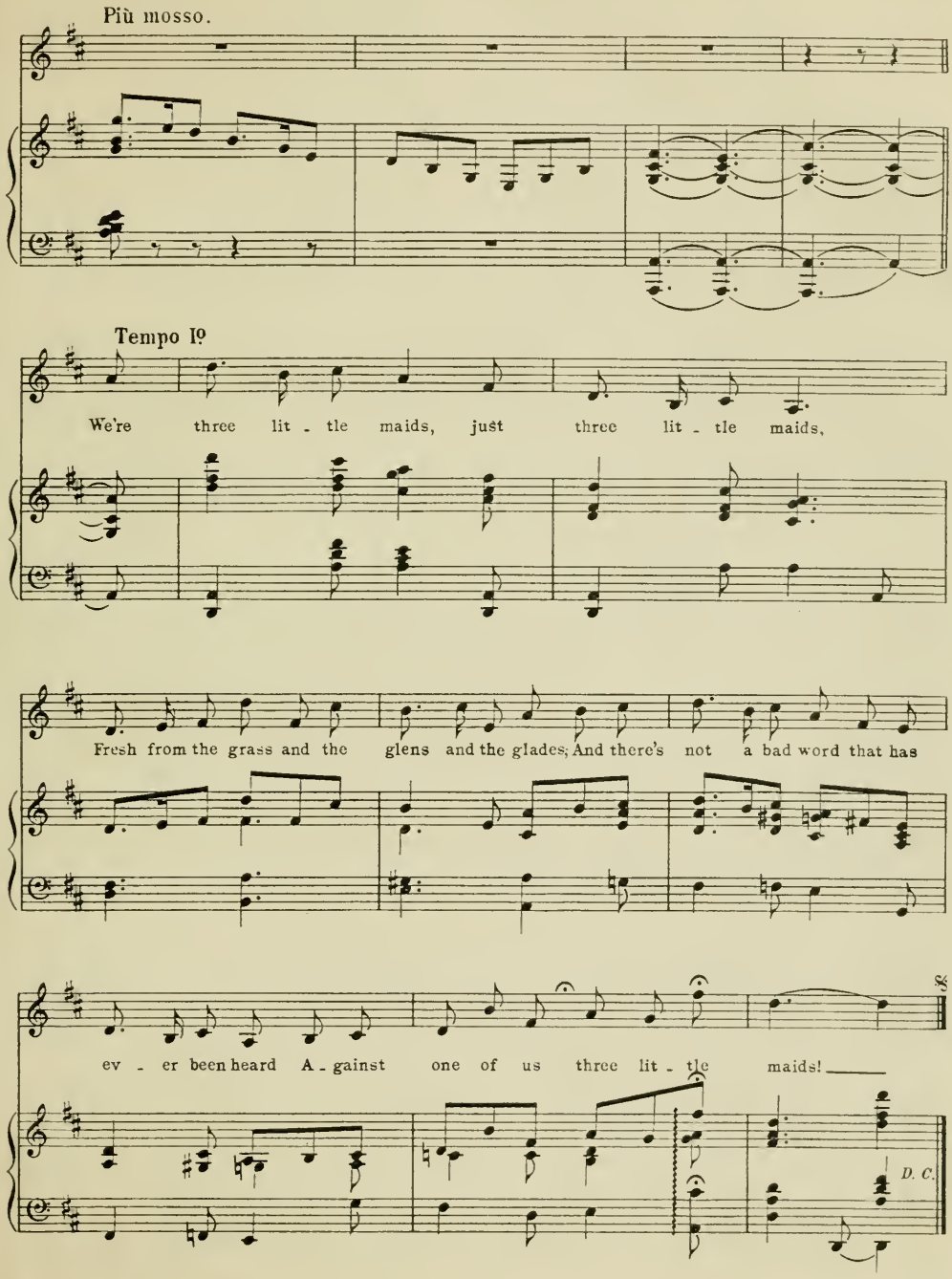
What has ev - 'ry - one done? Are the 'buss - es just as slow?

Fresh - made but - ter, sweet - est milk, La - zy cows with
Is St Paul's Ca - the - dral there? And is there still Tra -

coats of silk.— Still, if you should find the scene A
- fal - gar Square? Ig - nor - ance, they say, is bliss, But

bit mo - not - on - ous, Un - der - stand, please,
we don't find it so. Have you ev - er

what we mean,— But,— "there is al - ways us."
met a "miss," Who did - n't want to know?


Più mosso.
Tempo Iº
We're three lit - tle maids, just three lit - tle maids,
Fresh from the grass and the glens and the glades; And there's not a bad word that has
ev - er been heard A - gainst one of us three lit - tle maids!
D. C.

No. 4.

SEXTET. { A. Country Girls. / B. London Girls. }

"THE TOWN AND COUNTRY MOUSE."

Words and Music by PAUL A. RUBENS.

Lively.

Piano.

p

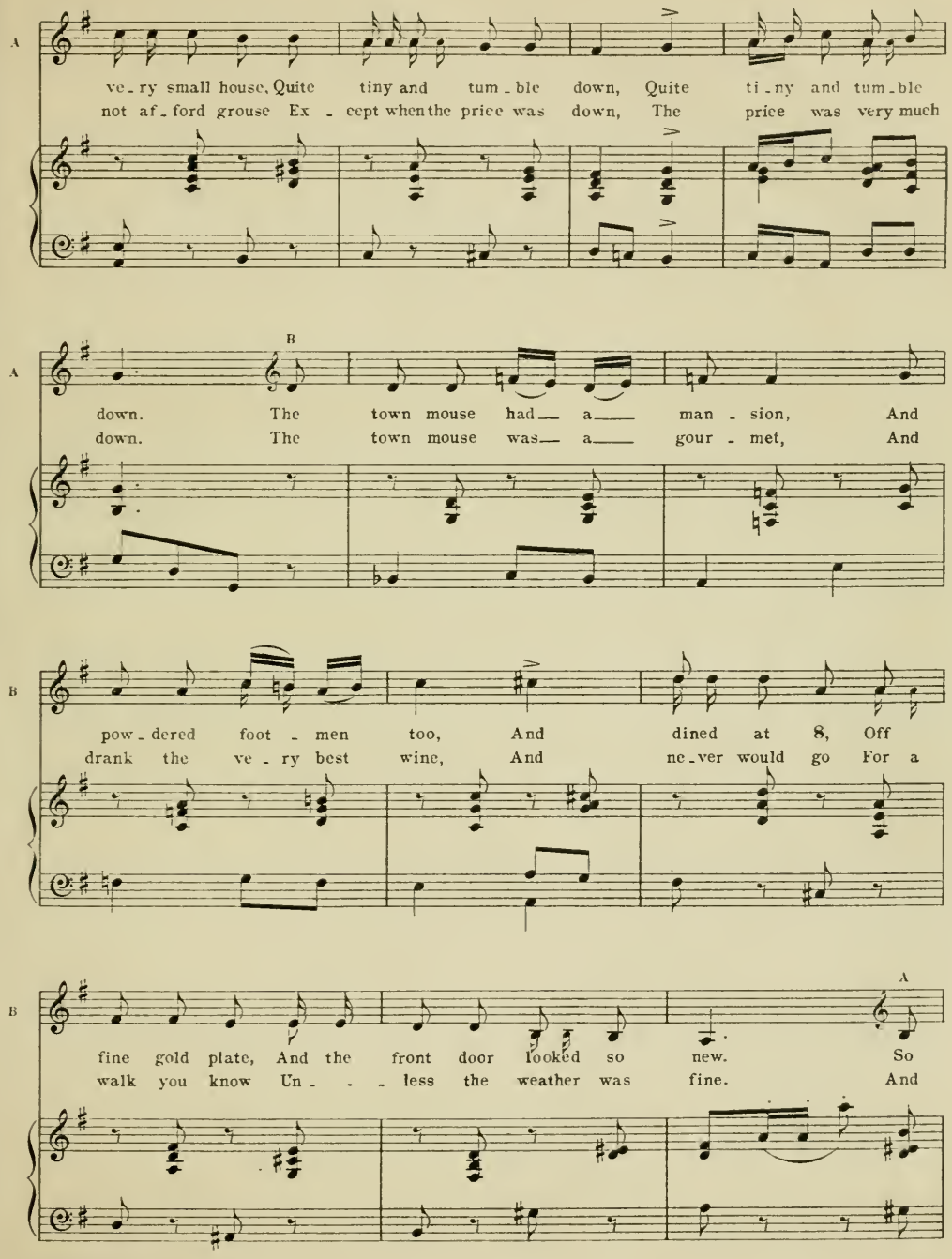
A

1. A mouse once lived in the coun - try — A
2. A mouse once lived in the coun - try — A

p

B

mouse once lived in the Town; The coun - try mouse had a
mouse once lived in the Town; The coun - try mouse could


A
ve - ry small house, Quite tiny and tum - ble down, Quite ti - ny and tum - ble
not af - ford grouse Ex - cept when the price was down, The price was very much
B
A
down. The town mouse had a man - sion, And
down. The town mouse was a gour - met, And
B
pow - dered foot - men too, And dined at 8, Off
drank the ve - ry best wine, And ne - ver would go For a
B
A
fine gold plate, And the front door looked so new. So
walk you know Un - - less the weather was fine. And

A

new That the rain came through.
did'nt His boots just shine.

A

Poor lit - tle, hap-py lit - tle coun - try mouse! Fine lit - tle, grand lit - tle,

B

B

swell town mouse! Glad to play in the hay, Din-ing at the Carl - ton

B

ev - 'ry day; One in a frock of pur - ple, —

rall. *a tempo.*

A

A

One in a coat of brown, One lit - tle mouse from the

B

A

Coun - try — side, And one lit - tle mouse from the Town!

TOGETHER.

A. B.

One lit - tle mouse from the Coun - try — side, And one lit - tle mouse

1. 2.

A. B.

from the Town! Town!

D.C.

No. 5.

SONG. (Cupid.)

"I'M ONLY THE CADDIE."

Words by
PERCY GREENBANK.

Music by
WALTER RUBENS.

Vivace.

Cupid.

Piano.

f *p*

CUP. keep my eye on those maid - ens three, And strict - ly *en - tre nous,* They

CUP. al - ways man-age to find for me— A lot of jobs to do. Al -

CUP. - though I'm cer-tain-ly not full-grown, And none too high-ly paid, I

CUP. of - ten act as a cha - per - on, As well as a la - dy's

CUP. maid. But I'm on-ly the cad-die, A

cresc. - - - - - - - - *f*

CUP. wee lit - tle bit of a lad-die. I car - ry their clubs and

p

CUP. cloaks all day, But ne_ver, oh! ne_ver, get in the way, And I'm paid by their

cresc. *f*

CUP. dad_dy. I suit them to a "tee," I know my place, And

CUP. don't much care If they pat my face, Or pull my hair, For

CUP. I'm on_ly the cad_die, And— they don't mind me.

f *p* *sf* *fz* *fz* *f*

CUP.

Miss

f *p*

CUP.

Ed - na's sim - ple and sweet and coy, As ev - 'ry - one re -

CUP.

- marks, Miss A - da ought to have been a boy, She's

CUP.

al - ways up to larks. Miss Hil - da's hard_er to un - der_stand, Her

CUP.

mind is deep,— no doubt, She keeps her wea - ther eye

CUP.

o - pen, and She knows her way a - bout. But

cresc.

CUP.

I'm on - ly the cad - die, A wee lit - tle bit of a

f

CUP.

lad - die, I stu - dy them all, but if I'm pressed, I

p

cresc.

CUP. could-n't say which I like the best. Tho' young la-dies are fad-dy. We

f

CUP. sel - dom dis - a - gree, If a - ny gent would

CUP. care to wait— I won't pre - vent a *tête à tête.* For

CUP. I'm on - ly the cad-die, So— you won't mind me!

f *p* *sf* *fz* *fz*

No. 6. SONG (de l'Orme.) and CHORUS.

"LOVE YOU'RE A WONDERFUL GAME."

Words and Music by PAUL A. RUBENS.

Vivace.

Piano.

f

Slower and Gracefully.

de L'ORME.

Of all the games that a man can play,

p

de l'OR. Love is the hard-est to beat, 'Tis so ea-sy to play, But to

de l'OR. win in a day Is not quite so sim-ple a feat,

de l'OR

Not quite so sim_ple a feat. ___ There are games at which this or that

de l'OR

girl may boast She is a_ble to throw down the glove. ___ But the

de l'OR

game at which ev_'ry one scores the most Is the beau_ti_ful game of

Vivace.

de l'OR

Love. Ah! ___ Love is a game, a beau_ti_ful game, A

de l'OR

won_der_ful game for two; If you don't take care Mr ___

de l'OR

Love will dare To play lit - tle games with you: But when

de l'OR

all's said and done, you're *splen - did* fun *All* o - ther games a -

de l'OR

rall.

- bove; And ev - e - ry day I'm game to play A

rall.

de l'OR

a tempo

fresh lit - tle game of Love!

CHORUS.

Love is a game, a

a tempo

f

CHO.

beau - ti - ful game, A won - der - fut game for two; If you don't take care, Mr

CHO.

Love will dare, To play lit - tle games with you: But when

CHO.

all's said and done, you're *splen-did* fun *All* o - ther games a - bove; And

CHO.

ev - e - ry day I'm game to play A fresh lit-tle game of Love!

f

Vivace.

de L'ORME.
Slower and Gracefully.

There are

de l'ORME

"Mis - ses" at Bil - liards, and so, of course, "Kiss - es" are there as

p

de l'OR.

well, At Quoits there are "rings" which are val - ua - ble things To

de l'OR.

ev - e - ry sweet de - moi - selle, Ev - e - ry sweet de - moi -

de l'OR.

- selle. At Bridge there are Hearts, And hand - in - hand,

de l'OR.

Knaves that in - dulge in tricks, There's Foot - ball as well, but

Vivace.

de l'OR.

please un - der - stand At the game of Love no - bo - dy kicks, Ah!

de l'OR.

Love is a game, a beau-ti-ful game, A won-der-ful game for two; If you

de l'OR.

don't take care Mr — Love will dare, To play lit-tle games with

de l'OR.

you; But when all's said and done, you're *splen-did* fun, *All* o-ther games a-

de l'OR.

rall. *a tempo*

-bove: And should an-y Miss Re-fuse a kiss, I'll cheat at the game of

rall. *a tempo*

CHORUS.

de l'OR.

Love! Love is a game, a beau-ti-ful game, A

f

CHO.

won_der_ful game for two! If you don't take care, Mr Love will dare, To

CHO.

play lit_tle games with you, But when all's said and done, you're

CHO.

de L'ORME. *rall.*

splen_did fun, *All* o_ther games a_bove; And should an_y Miss Re_

rall.

de l'OR.

rall.

_fuse a kiss, I'll cheat at the game of Love! The game of

rall.

de l'OR.

Love! The game of Love!

f

fz

No. 7. DUET. (Edna and Brian.)

"DO YOU THINK THAT YOU HAVE KNOWN ME LONG ENOUGH?"

Words by
PERCY GREENBANK.

Music by
WALTER RUBENS.

Moderato.

Brian.

Piano.

In the

f *p*

BRI. fu - ture, come what may, I shall not for - get to - day, And the

BRI. rea - son why I'm sure that you can guess. There are ve - ry, ve - ry few Lit - tle

fz

BRI. girls as sweet as you, Hard - ly a - ny have the charm that you pos -

EDNA.

ED. But our friend-ship is so brief, To the best of my be-lief, You have

BRI. - sess.

ED. known me for an hour, or ra-ther un - der; Yet my lit-tle hand you squeeze, And you

fz

ED. say such things as these, Oh! are *all* men so im - pa - tient, Now I

rall.

ED. won - - der, Yes I won - der? Do you think that you have

BRI. I won - der?

pp *pp* *pp a tempo*

ED. known me long e - nough? Though of course we've had an

ED. in - ter - est - ing chat; Still, your arm should not be placed Quite so

ED. tight - ly round my waist, You have hard - ly, No, you've hard - ly known me

ED. long e-nough for that. Do you think you've known me long e-nough?

BRI. Yes, I think that I have known you long e-nough, And of

p

ED. And of course, we've had a chat, Still your arm should not be placed Round my

BRI. course, we've had an in-ter-est-ing chat, Still my arm should not be placed Round your

ED. dain-ty lit-tle waist, You have hard-ly known me long e-nough for that!

rit.

BRI. dain-ty lit-tle waist, I have hard-ly known you long e-nough for that!

rit.

f

BRIAN.

Time goes

p

BRI.

quick - ly, it is true, When I'm think - ing a - bout you, But I'm

BRI.

sure there's no oc - ca - sion for your fears, For we two get on so well, And for

fz

EDNA.

I for -

BRI.

all that I can tell, We might real - ly have been friends for ma - ny years.

ED.

- give you what you say Since you put it in that way, And I wish that ev-'ry gen-tle-man could

ED.

speak so. Yes, I like you ve - ry much, And my hand I'll let you touch, But you

fz *rall.*

ED.

must-n't place your lips a-gainst my cheek so! Yes, my cheek so! Do you

pp

BRI.

your cheek so!

pp

pp *a tempo*

ED.

think that you have known me long e - nough? It is true you make my

ED. heart go pit - a - pat, But I real - ly can't al - low An - y kiss - es from you now, You have

ED. hard - ly, No. you've hard - ly known me long e - nough for that! Do you think you've

BRI. Yes, I think that I have

p

ED. known me long e - nough? And of course, we've had a chat, Still your

BRI. known you long e - nough, And of course, we've had an in - ter - est - ing chat, Still my

ED.

arm should not be placed Round my dain_ty lit_tle waist, You have hard_ly known me long enough for

rit.

BRI.

arm should not be placed Round your dain_ty lit_tle waist, I have hard_ly known you long enough for

rit.

rit.

ED.

that!

BRI.

that!

a tempo

p

ED.

You've known me long e_nough for that!

BRI.

I've known you long e_nough for that!

slowly.

No. 8.

SONG. (Ada.)

"SAL"

Words and Music by PAUL A. RUBENS.

Ada.

Piano.

1. I'm
2. I'm

sure you've nev - er seen a gal like my gal Sal, Be -
sure you nev - er kissed a gal like my gal Sal, And

-cause there's nev - er *been* a gal like my gal Sal. She's
if you have I bet the gal *was* my gal Sal. She's

not the or - din - a - ry kind Of stu - pid gal you al - ways find, Just
ug - ly, but when she's with me, She kiss - es so con - tin - ual - ly, I

talk to her and see, but mind she's *my* gal Sal.
hav'n't the time to look and see it's my gal Sal.

rall.

REFRAIN.

Sal, Sal, you're so o - ri - gi - nal, You

a tempo

nev - er do or say a thing like a - ny oth - er gal,

rall.

You can't look love - ly 'cause you *aren't,* But you're a

a tempo

gal, you're a pal, In fact you're Sal, plain Sal.

rall. *a tempo*

3. Her

face is quite a hope - less case, Is my gal's Sal, In

fact her face is *not* a face, Is my gal's Sal. But

when her mouth she o - pens wide I can see her lit - tle heart in - side, It's

then I'm just a man of pride For my gal Sal.

rall.

REFRAIN.

Sal, Sal, you're so o - ri - gi - nal, You've

a tempo

got a mouth that's not supplied to a - ny oth - er gal,

rall.

You can't look love - ly 'cause you *aren't,* But you're a

a tempo

gal, you're a pal, In fact you're Sal, *just* plain Sal.

(Spoken.)

No. 9. DUET. (Cheyne and Ada.)

"GOLF."

Words and Music by PAUL A. RUBENS.

Vivace.

Cheyne.

Piano.

CH.

1. Golf is an ex - cel - lent game in its way, But ev - 'ry - thing's all "in its
2. Golf's not a game that a la - dy should play No per - fect la - dy *can*

ADA.

ADA.

way," Golf is a game that was not meant to play, A
play A maid - en can soon learn the lan - guage of flow'rs, But the

CHEYNE.

ADA.

good deal too ser - ious for "play." But if you want an ex -
lan - guage of golf lasts for hours. Though you've had sev - er - al

CH. ADA.

-cuse for a walk, Golf's the ex-cuse for a walk,

shots at the ball,— No-thing oc-curs to the ball

CHEYNE. ADA.

If to the la-dy you're burn-ing to talk, Golf's not the sub-ject you talk.

Cad-dy will laugh as you break up your "tee" "Cad-dies" were made to hold "tea."

ADA. CHEYNE.

Oh, a glo-ri-ous game is golf, You'll for-give me, I pray, if I

Oh, a glo-ri-ous game is golf, You'll for-give me, I pray, if I

CH. ADA.

cough! If you've a daugh-ter you want to "go off," En-

cough! If you've a friend that you want to "score off,"

CHEYNE.

ADA.

-cour-age the girl to play golf. That's the cu-ri-ous thing a-bout
Ask him to play you at golf. If you try to de-feat him at

CH.

golf. One al-ways ap-pears to "go off."
golf. Your "score" will be prob-a-bly "off."

D. C.

f

CHEYNE. ADA.

3. Golf is an ex-cel-lent game on the whole, But no-bo-dy gets in the

p

ADA. CHEYNE. ADA.

hole. Golf is a game where you're "like as you lie," You can

ADA. CHEYNE.

"lie as you like" if you try. Golf is a game where you

CH. ADA.

"get in a swing," No - bo - dy gets in the swing,

CHEYNE. ADA.

Golf is a game where you end in the green, And ends up by turn - ing *you* green!

CHEYNE.

ADA. Oh, a glo - ri - ous game is golf! You'll ex - cuse me, I pray, if I

ADA.

CH. cough! If you've a head - ache which ne - ver leaves off, Just

CHEYNE.

ADA. drive to the links and play golf But as soon as you start to play

CH. golf, The head of your *dri - ver* comes off.

№ 10.

FINALE - ACT I.

Words by
PERCY GREENBANK.

Music by
HOWARD TALBOT.

With spirit.

Piano.

p

cres:

f

CHO.

CHORUS.

mf

All the lug.gage has been

mf

All the lug.gage has been

ff

mf

CHO.

put up - on the cart, They've a drive of half an hour, more or less, So it's

put up - on the cart, They've a drive of half an hour, more or less, So it's

CHO.

ve - ry near - ly time for them to start, If they mean to catch the five o - clock ex -

ve - ry near - ly time for them to start, If they mean to catch the five o - clock ex -

CHO.

- press, There are tick - ets to be tak - en at the sta - tion,

- press, There are

CHO.

If they ev - er want to reach their des - tin -

box - es to be put in to the van, If they ev - er want to reach their des - tin -

CHO.

- a - tion, They must hur - ry up as quick - ly as they can, as quick - ly as they can, They must

- a - tion, They must hur - ry up as quick - ly as they can, as quick - ly as they can, They must

CHO.

hur - ry up as quick - ly as they can.

hur - ry up as quick - ly as they can.

ff

Tempo di Valse.

EDNA. HILDA.

The mea - dows and woods are fresh and green, And blue is the

ADA.

The mea - dows and woods are fresh and green, And blue is the

p

EDNA. HILDA.

sky a - bove, Fare - well to the old fam -

ADA.

sky a - bove, Fare - well to the old fam -

EDNA. HILDA.

- il - iar scene We all of us know and love,

ADA.

- il - iar scene We all of us know and love,

rall.

EDNA.
HILDA.

But tho' we may wan - der far from here, The

ADA.

But tho' we may wan - der far from here, The

a tempo

EDNA.
HILDA.

vi - sion shall ne - ver fade, For home will be

ADA.

vi - sion shall ne - ver fade, For home will be

EDNA.
HILDA.

al - ways ve - ry dear, To each lit - tle coun - try

ADA.

al - ways ve - ry dear, To each lit - tle coun - try

rall:

Allegretto.

de LORME.
CHEYNE.

EDNA.
HILDA.

maid. Tell, oh, tell us pray, Where you mean to

BRIAN.

ADA.

maid. Tell, oh, tell us pray, Where you mean to

p

de LOR.
CHEY.

stay, When you're up in town, And we'll write it down.

BRI.

stay, When you're up in town, And we'll write it down.

de LOR.
CHEY.

We might like to call, Some day, on you

BRI.

We might like to call, Some day, on you

de LOR. CHEY.

all. But we can't, un - less We have your ad - dress.

BRI.

all. But we can't, un - less We have your ad - dress.

ADA. EDNA & HILDA.

de LOR. CHEY.

Though we'd be glad to an - swer your re - quest with_out de-

BRI.

ADA. EDNA. & HILDA.

- lay, We fear we can - not tell you, for we've prom - ised not to

cres:

ADA. EDNA. & HILDA.

say,

BRI. de LOR. CHEY.

Oh, please tell us do, We should like to vis - it

ADA. EDNA. & HILDA.

No, no, go a - way, We have prom - ised not to

BRI. de LOR. CHEY.

you,

ADA. EDNA. & HILDA.

say; No, go a - way, we have

BRI. de LOR. CHEY.

Tell, oh, tell us pray,

ADA. EDNA. & HILDA.

prom - ised not to say, No, no, go a -

BRI de LOR CHEY

Where you mean to stay, When your up in town,

ADA. EDNA. & HILDA.

- way, go a - way, Tho' we'd be glad to an - swer your

BRI. de LOR. CHEY.

And we'll write it down, Oh, tell us,

ADA. EDNA. & HILDA.

re - - - - quest with - out de - lay, We

BRI. de LOR. CHEY.

do, we should like to vis - it you, They

ADA. EDNA. & HILDA.

fear we can - not tell you, For we've prom - ised not to

BRI. de LOR. CHEY.

fear they can - not tell us, For they've prom - ised not to

rall:

ADA. EDNA. & HILDA.

say, We've prom - ised not ____ to say.

BRI. de LOR. CHEY.

say, They've prom - ised not ____ to say.

CHO.

CHORUS.

How mys -

How mys -

Quickly.

CHO. -ter - i - ous, How pro - vo - king, Are they

-ter - i - ous, How pro - vo - king, Are they

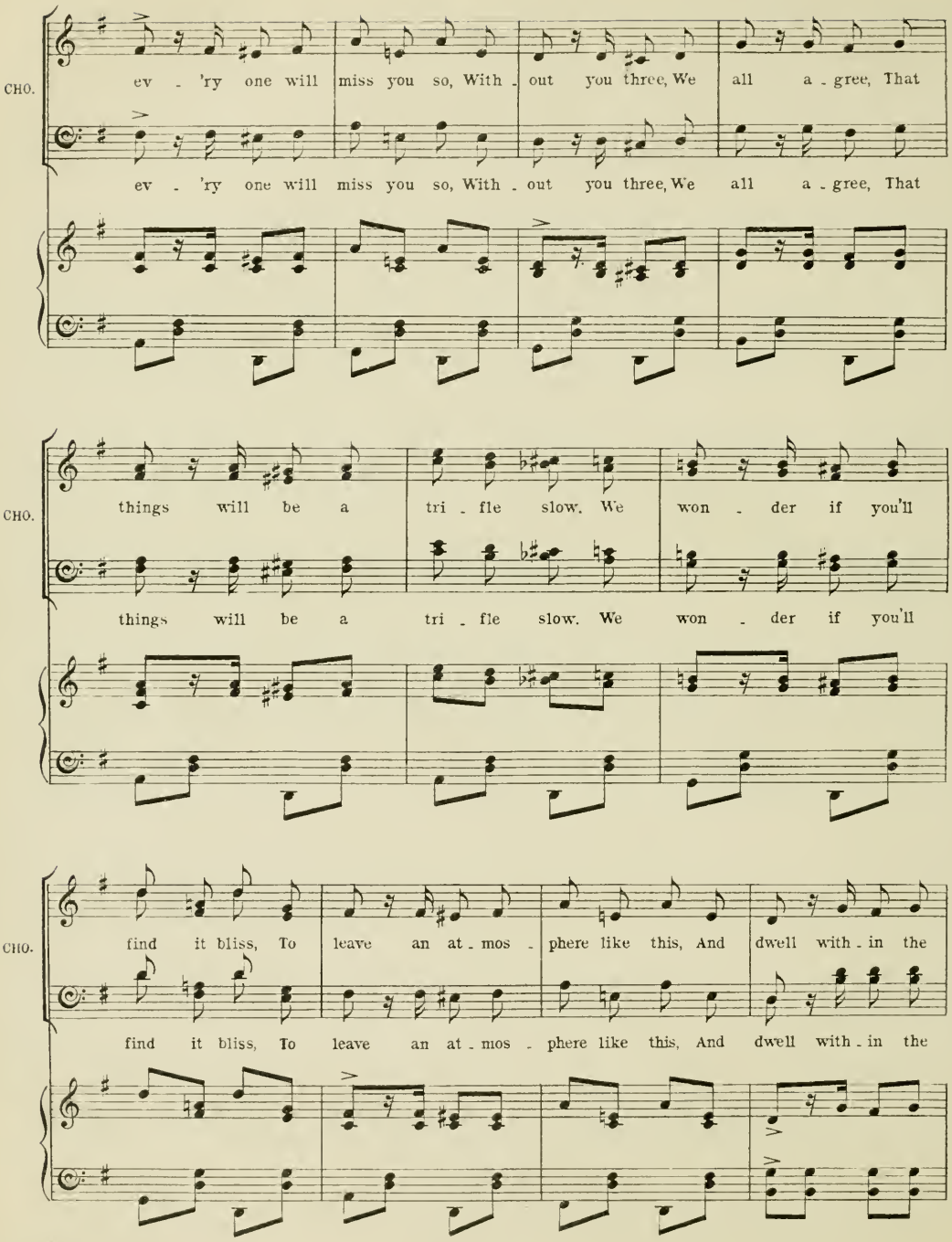
CHO. se - ri - ous, Are they se - ri - ous, Are they

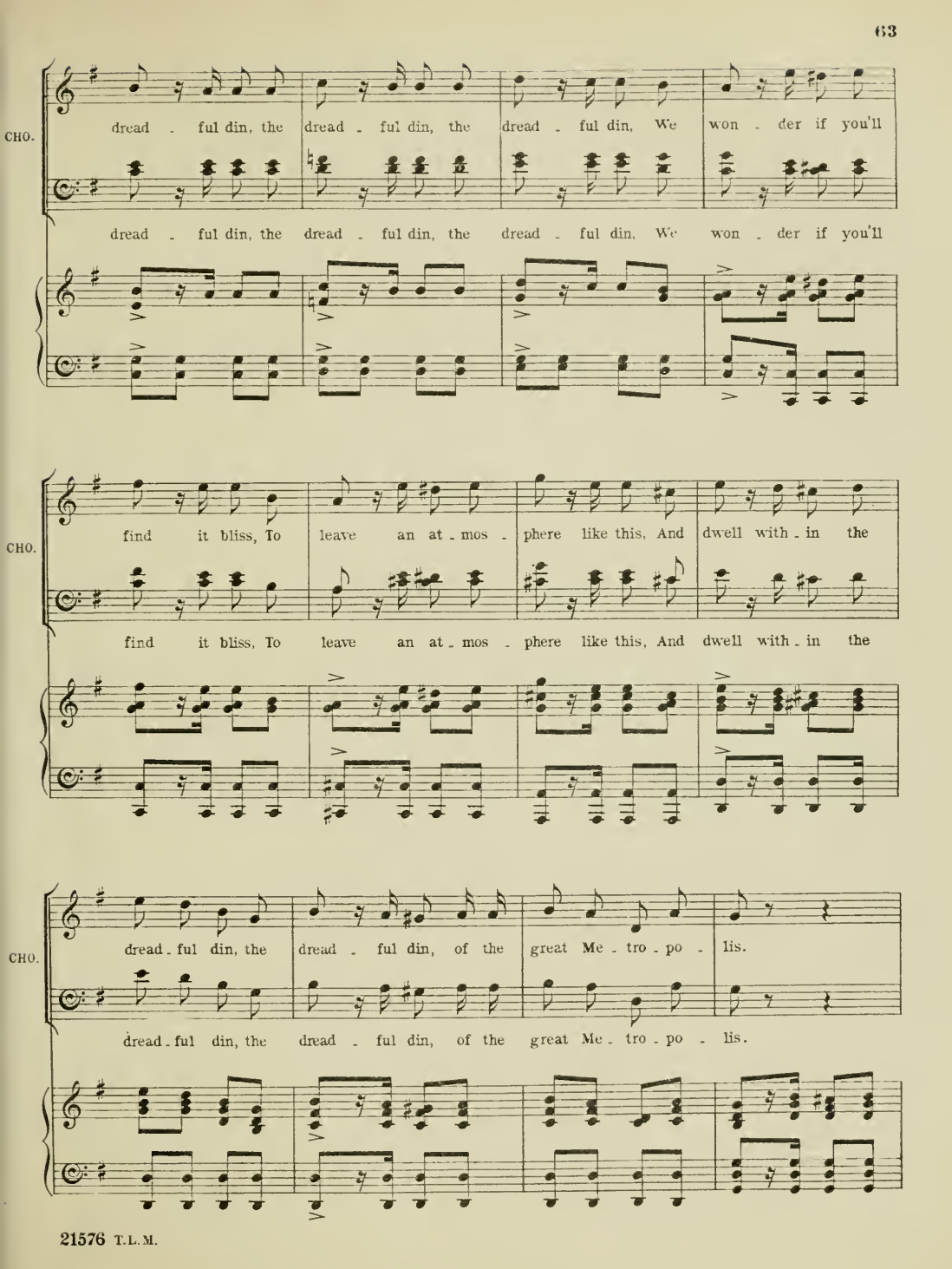
se - ri - ous, Are they se - ri - ous, Are they

CHO. jo - king? Ah, must you real - ly, real - ly go? For

jo - king? Ah, must you real - ly, real - ly go? For

sempre f


CHO.
ev - 'ry one will miss you so, With - out you three, We all a - gree, That
ev - 'ry one will miss you so, With - out you three, We all a - gree, That
CHO.
things will be a tri - fle slow. We won - der if you'll
things will be a tri - fle slow. We won - der if you'll
CHO.
find it bliss, To leave an at - mos - phere like this, And dwell with - in the
find it bliss, To leave an at - mos - phere like this, And dwell with - in the


CHO.
dread - ful din, the dread - ful din, the dread - ful din, We won - der if you'll
dread - ful din, the dread - ful din, the dread - ful din, We won - der if you'll
CHO.
find it bliss, To leave an at - mos - phere like this, And dwell with - in the
find it bliss, To leave an at - mos - phere like this, And dwell with - in the
CHO.
dread - ful din, the dread - ful din, of the great Me - tro - po - lis.
dread - ful din, the dread - ful din, of the great Me - tro - po - lis.

CHO.

Ah! must you real - ly, real - ly go?

Ah! must you real - ly, real - ly go?

CHO.

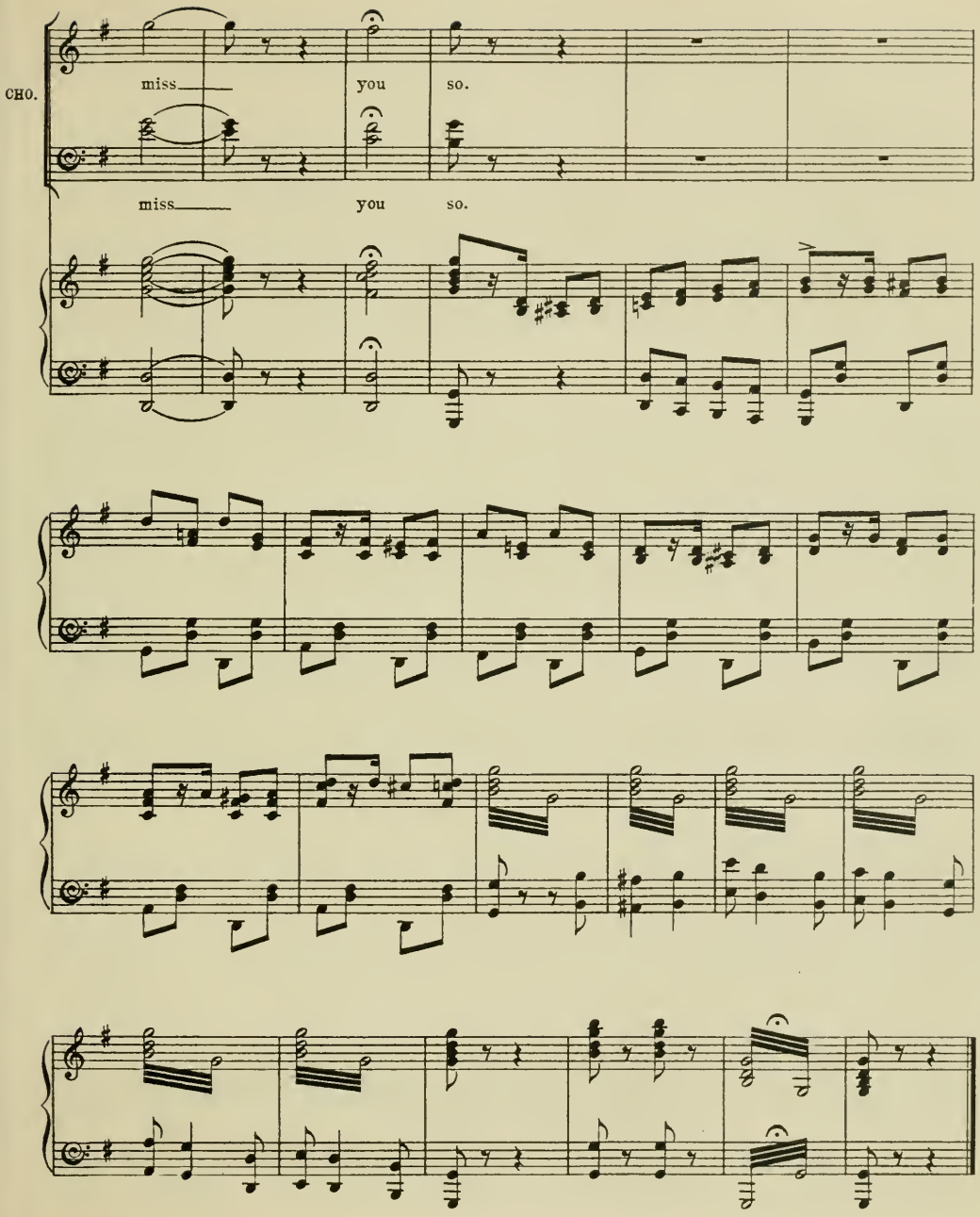
For ev - 'ry one will miss you so. Ah! must you

For ev - 'ry one will miss you so. Ah! must you

CHO.

real - ly, real - ly go? For ev - 'ry one will

real - ly, real - ly go? For ev - 'ry one will



END OF ACT I.

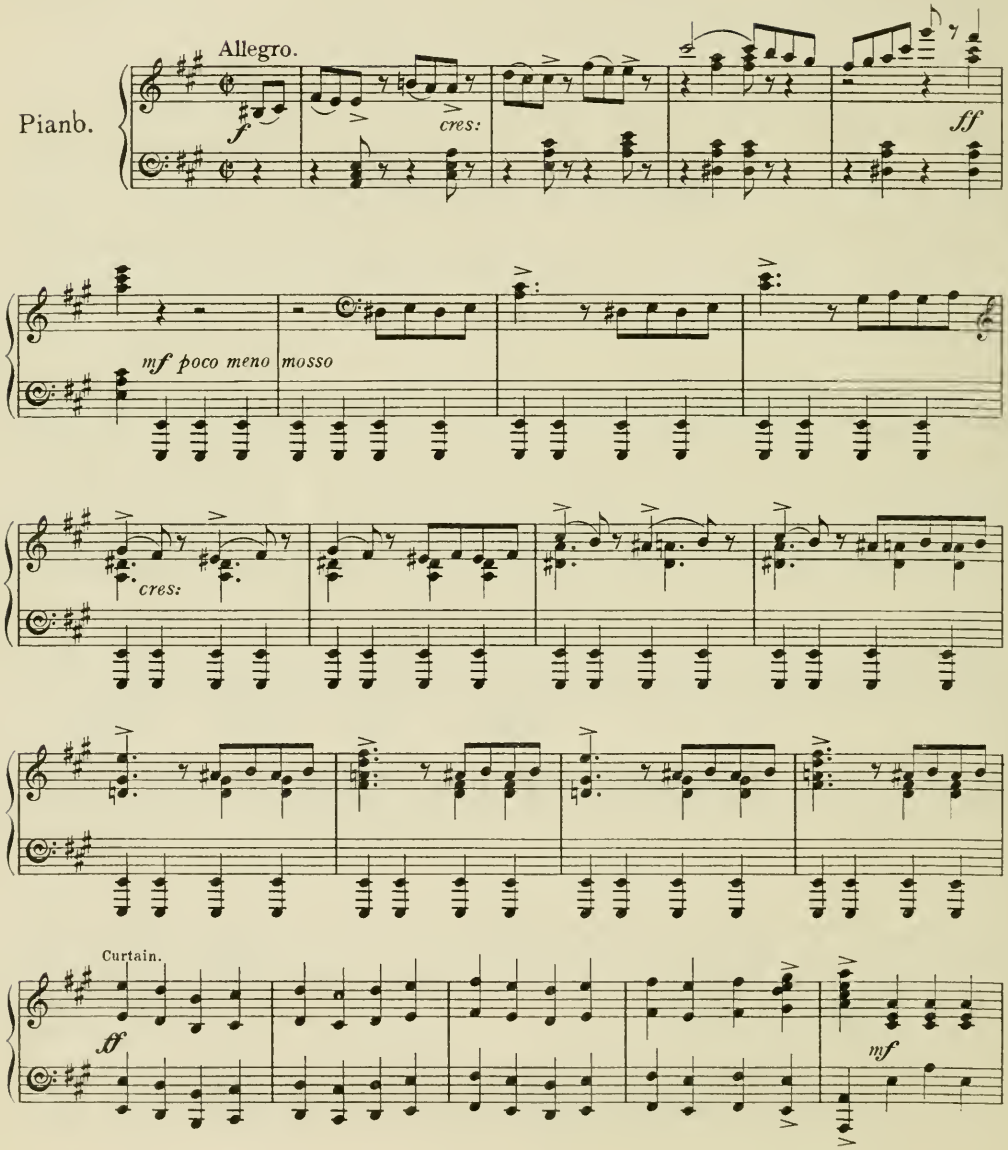
Act II.

No 11.

OPENING CHORUS.

Words by
PERCY GREENBANK.

Music by
HOWARD TALBOT.



CHO. When So - ci - e - ty goes shop-ping, In the re - gions of the

When So - ci - e - ty goes shop-ping, In the re - gions of the

p

CHO. West, Till it's on the point of drop-ping, And it wants a lit - tle

West, Till it's on the point of drop-ping, And it wants a lit - tle

CHO. rest; Then its mem-bers hi - ther stream in, And they ask for tea with

rest; Then its mem-bers hi - ther stream in, And they ask for tea with

CHO.

cream in, Ev - 'ry ta - ble That we're a - ble To se - cure is in re -

cream in, Ev - 'ry ta - ble That we're a - ble To se - cure is in re -

CHO.

- quest, Ev - 'ry ta - ble That we're a - ble To se - cure is in re -

- quest, Ev - 'ry ta - ble That we're a - ble To se - cure is in re -

CHO

WAITRESSES.

- quest. But our

- quest.

f accel:

WAITR.

pri - ces, don't for - get, Are ex - or - bit - ant in - deed, And the

p

WAITR.

mid - dle class re - gret If they come in here to feed. When your

WAITR.

in - come is - n't large, You may feel in - clined to mut - ter, Three - and -

WAITR.

-six-pence is our charge Just for tea and bread and but-ter.

CHORUS.

When So-

When So-

poco meno mosso

WAITRESSES.

WAITR.

Ah,

CHO.

-ci-e-ty goes shop-ping In the re-gions of the West, Till it's

-ci-e-ty goes shop-ping In the re-gions of the West, Till it's

WAITR.

UNIS.

Ah, Then its

CHO.

on the point of drop-ping, And it wants a lit - tle rest, Then its

on the point of drop-ping, And it wants a lit - tle rest, Then its

WAITRESSES & SOPRANOS.

CHO.

mem-bers hi - ther stream in, And they ask for tea with cream in, Ev - 'ry

mem-bers hi - ther stream in, And they ask for tea with cream in, Ev - 'ry

CHO.

ta - ble That (we're / they're) a - ble To se - cure is in re - quest, Ev - 'ry

ta - ble That we're a - ble To se - cure is in re - quest, Ev - 'ry

CHO.

ta - ble That (we're / they're) a - ble To se - cure is in re -

ta - ble That we're a - ble To se - cure is in re -

CHO.

- quest. Is in re -

- quest. Is in re -

dim.

CHO

- quest.

- quest.

f *accel.*

No. 12. SONG. (Hilda.) and CHORUS.

"THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER."

Words and Music by PAUL A. RUBENS.

Moderato.

Hilda.

Piano.

p

1. A mil - ler's daugh - ter liv'd be - side a mill, She sat and sobb'd and e - ven cried un - - lite - ly said "good - day," His hat he lift - ed from his head this

HIL.

- til A youth came by re - solv'd to try his way, And then, you know, He bowed quite low to

HIL.

HIL.

wiles. He found that maid - en
her. "Per - haps you'll take a

CHO.

Came by re - solv'd to try his wiles.
And then he bowed quite low to her.

HIL.

hard to un - der - stand, Till one fine day he
lit - tle walk" said he. "Some la - dies say they

HIL.

thought he'd won her hand, But wretch - ed soul he'd
love to talk with me," She mere - ly sigh'd, and

HIL. miss'd his goal by miles
just re - plied "Oh, Sir!"

CHO. Poor soul he'd miss'd his goal by
But sigh'd and just re - plied "Oh,

rall.

HIL. She was a mil - ler's daugh - ter, And liv'd be - side a
She was a mil - ler's daugh - ter, And liv'd be - side a

CHO. miles.
Sir!"

a tempo

HIL. mill; Still and *deep* ran the wa - ter, But
mill; Cold was the touch of the wa - ter But

CHORUS.

HIL. she was *deep - er* still. She was a mil - ler's
she was *cold - er* still. She was a mil - ler's

CHO.

daugh - ter, And liv'd be - side a mill,
daugh - ter, And liv'd be - side a mill,

CHO.

Still and *deep* ran the wa - ter, But
Cold was the touch of the wa - ter, But

CHO.

she was *deep - er* still.
she was *cold - er* still.

HILDA.

2. Now
3. He

rall.

HIL.

3. thought of such nice things to her to say, He tried "Has not this
4. last one day she caused his eye to wake, He said one ris - qué
5. when he'd fair - ly bro - ken thro' the ice, He real - ly thought the

a tempo.

HIL.

been a— per - fect day?" But this fell flat, She'd heard all that. (So
word quite by mis - take. I'm shock'd to say She cried "Hur - rah!" "Sub -
maid - en— ra - ther nice; In fact, he took And fond - ly shook her

HIL.

sly!)— He coy - ly asked her
- lime!"— He then pro - posed to
hand.— He held that hand from

CHO.

Fell flat, She'd heard all— that. (So sly!)
To say She cried "Hur - rah!" Sub - lime.
He took And fond - ly— shook her hand.

HIL.

if a— dance she liked, Or if that by the
in - ter - ject one kiss— "Of course," she said, "I've
half - past— ten till three, "I fear I *must* go

HIL.

mer - est— chance she biked, She shook her head and
been ex - pect - ing this. Don't you feel small at
home, dear,"— then said he. She mur - mur'd, "Oh! please

HIL.

bland - ly said, "Oh, my!"
wast - ing all this time!
don't leave go, it's grand!

CHO.

She shook her head, and said, "Oh
Feel small at wast - ing all this
She mur - mur'd "don't leave go, it's

rall.

HIL.

She was a mil - ler's daugh - ter, And liv'd be - side a
She was a mil - ler's daugh - ter, And liv'd be - side a
She was the mil - ler's daugh - ter, And liv'd be - side the

CHO.

my!"
time!
grand!"

a tempo

HIL.

mill, *Fast* now and then ran the wa - ter, But
mill, *Blue* was the tone of the wa - ter, But
mill, Though there were "flies" on the wa - ter, Yet

CHORUS.

HIL. she— was *fast - er* still. She was a mil - ler's
she— was *deep - er* still. She was a mil - ler's
she— was "fly - er" still. She was a mil - ler's

CHO. daugh - ter, And liv'd be - side a mill,
daugh - ter, And liv'd be - side a mill,
daugh - ter, And liv'd be - side a mill,

CHO. *Fast* now and then ran the wa - ter, But she— was *fast - er*
Blue was the tone of the wa - ter, But she— was *deep - er*
Though there were "flies" on the wa - ter, Yet she— was "fly - er"

CHO. 3 & 4. still. still.
HILDA. 4. At 5. Now still.
Last time.

No. 13.

SONG. (de l'Orme.)

"I'LL DREAM OF YOU."

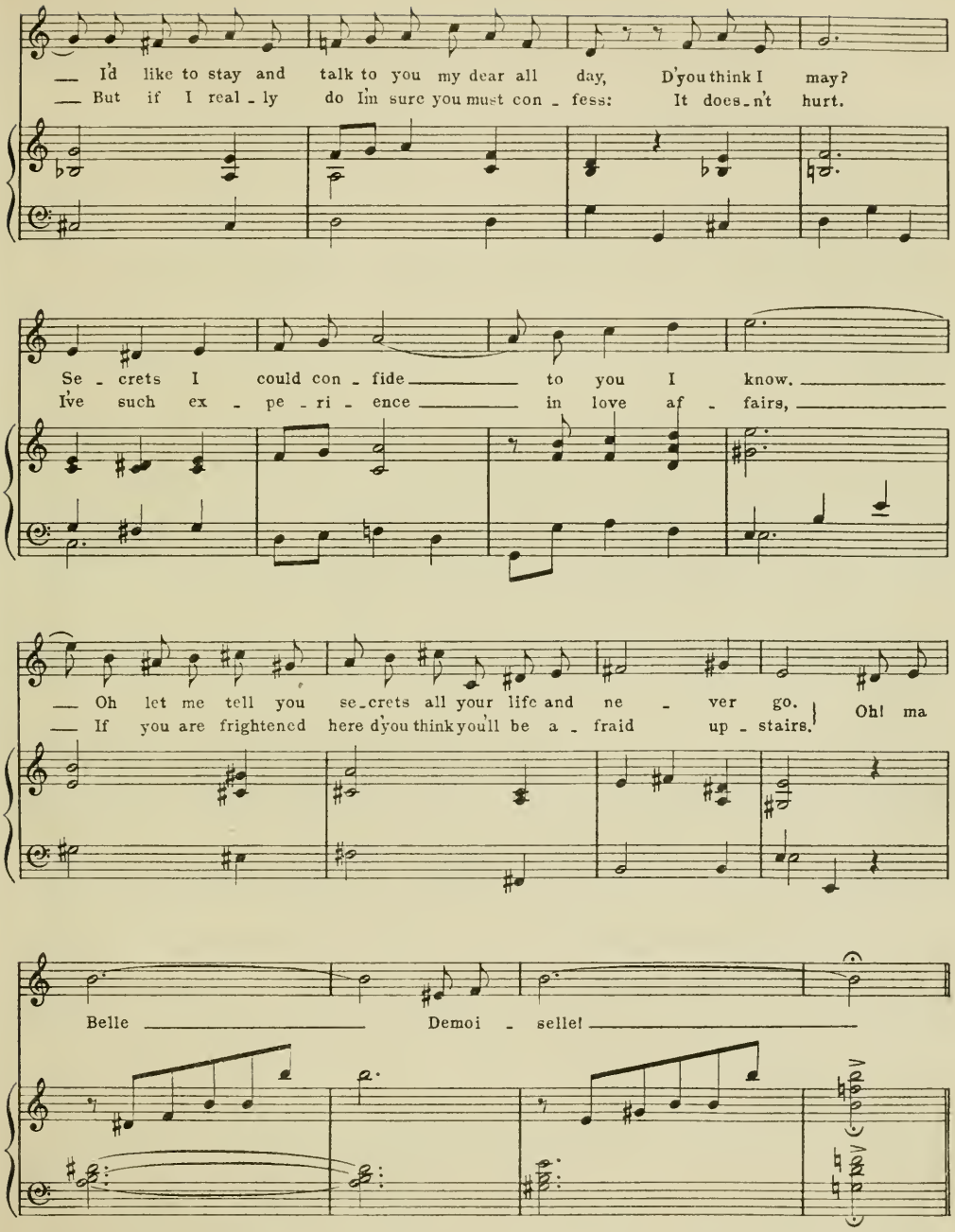
Written and Composed by PAUL A. RUBENS.

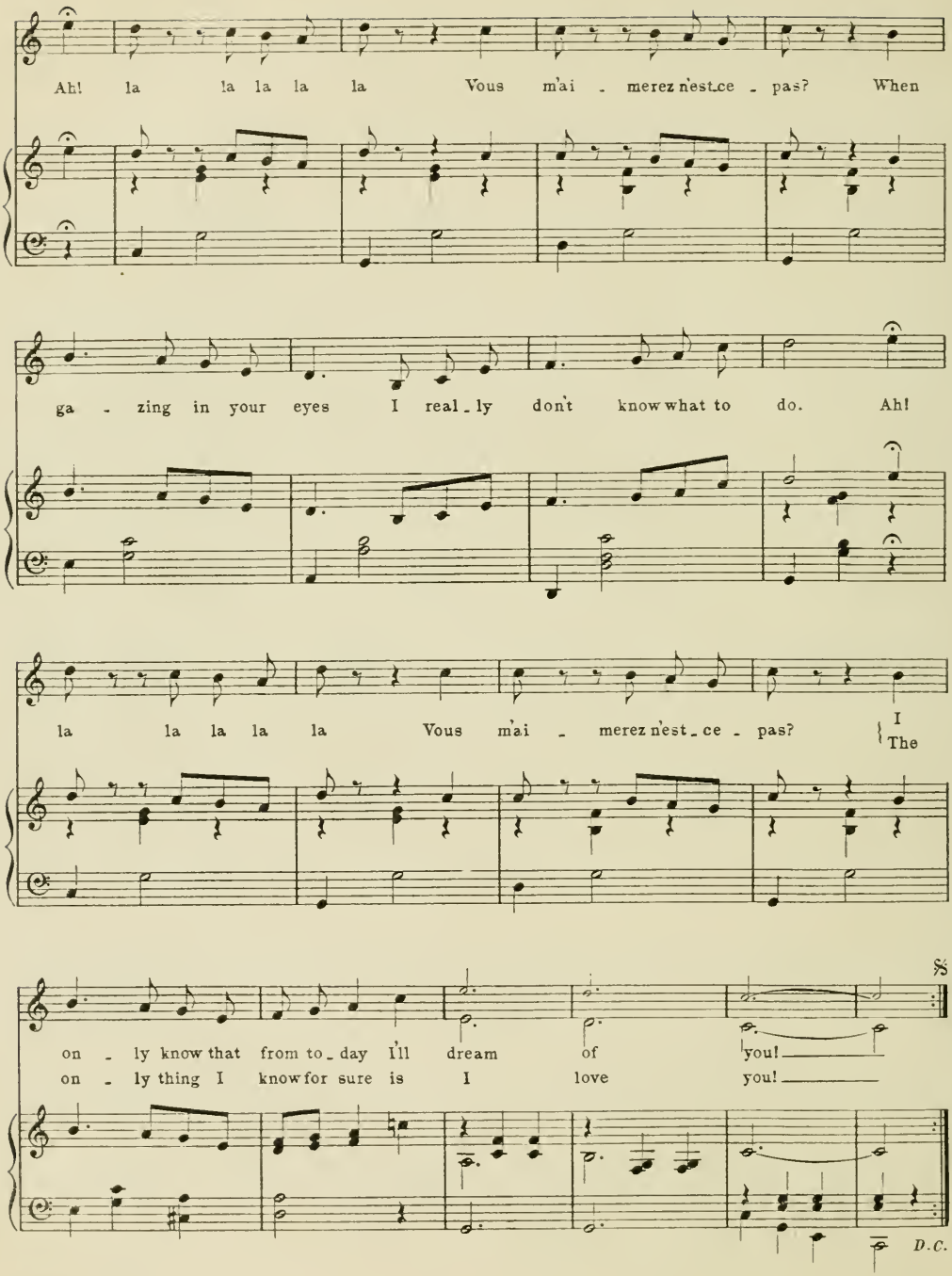
de l'Orme.

Piano.

ff

1. When you are by my side, the world seems gay
2. You are un - kind to say I al - ways flirt


Id like to stay and talk to you my dear all day, D'you think I may?
But if I real - ly do I'm sure you must con - fess: It does - n't hurt.
Se - crets I could con - fide to you I know.
I've such ex - pe - ri - ence in love af - fairs,
Oh let me tell you se - crets all your life and ne - ver go.
If you are frightened here d'you think you'll be a - fraid up - stairs.
Oh! ma
Belle Demoi - selle!


Ah! la la la la la Vous m'ai - merez n'est ce - pas? When
ga - zing in your eyes I real - ly don't know what to do. Ah!
la la la la la Vous m'ai - merez n'est - ce - pas? I
The
on - ly know that from to - day I'll dream of you!
on - ly thing I know for sure is I love you!
D.C.

No. 14.

SONG. (Edna.)

"THAT'S A VERY DIFF'RENT THING."

Words and Music by PAUL A. RUBENS.

Allegretto.

Piano.

mf

ED. When I think of all the tales you've told me,

p

ED. When I think of all the vows I've heard,

ED. I've been quite mis - ta - ken, All my hopes are sha - ken,

ED.

From to - day I shan't be - lieve one word!

REFRAIN.

ED.

If you're just in fun— That kind of thing's been o - ver - done,

ED.

All those com - pli - ments are per - fect - ly be - wil - der - ing; For

rall.

ED.

when you call me "dear," Of course that's al - ways nice to hear, But

a tempo

ED.

rall.

do you real - ly *love* me? 'Cause that's a ve - ry dif - f'rent thing!

rall.

a tempo

ED.

mf

ED.

When you've said "you could not live with - - out me;"

p

ED.

When a tear has come in - to your eye;

ED.

I'd a sim - ple no - tion, That was true de - vo - tion,

ED.

I re - spon - ded to each love - lorn cry!

REFRAIN.

ED.

If you're just in fun— That kind of thing's been o - ver - done,

ED.

All those com - pli - ments are per - fect - ly be - wil - der - ing; So

rall.

ED.

when my hand you press, Is that af - fec - tion, more or less, Or

a tempo

rall.

ED.

is that force of hab - it? 'Cause that's a ve - ry dif - f'rent thing!

rall.

a tempo

molto legato

ED.

Ah!

ED.

That's a - ve - ry dif - f'rent thing!

No. 15. SONG. (Ada.)

"MEN."

Words and Music by PAUL A. RUBENS.

Legato. *(to be more or less spoken)*

Ada.

Piano.

f *p*

1. You men are a ter - ri - ble bore, Why were you ev - er in - vent - ed? They ought to have stopped you be - fore, Your stu - pid - i - ty's un - pre - ce -
2. You men are im - pos - si - ble things, You seem to ex - pect such a lot; You give us some brace - lets or rings, And you think you've done, good - ness knows

- dent - ed. How did you come to ex - ist? Were you
what! You're an - noyed if we send them all back, You're up -

meant as an up - to - date toy? I as - sure you you'd not have been
- set if we give them a - way; You seem to lose sight of the

missed, If you'd on - ly been drowned when a boy!
fact You were on - ly in - vent - ed, to pay!

rall.

REFRAIN.

Very slowly and legato.

Men, men! Hum - bug - ging men! You're im - pos - si - ble nine out of
Men, men! Hum - bug - ging men! You're im - pos - si - ble nine out of

ten; Ev - 'ry day we put up with you, Dine out, or
ten; We go e - ven so far as Ac - cept - ing ti -

sup with you, Don't we just spoil you, You men!
- ar - as, Oh! don't we just spoil you, You men!

rall.

f

3. You men are an ig - nor - ant
4. You men are im - pos - si - ble

p

erew, That ac - counts for your gor - geous con - ceit, There are
fools, Tho' you think that you're wonder - ful - ly deep; You

on - ly three things you can do, You can smoke, you can drink, you can
make most ri - dic - u - lous rules Which you on - ly ex - pect us to

eat! You flirt with a girl for a year, With - out
keep! You pre - tend you play Bridge half the night, And you

an - y in - ten - tion to woo, Then at last you say "Mar - ry me,
say that you work all day long, Yet you think it a pos - i - tive

dear?" 'Cause you think it's the right thing to do.
slight, If *we* want to do some - thing wrong!

rall.

REFRAIN.

Very slowly and legato.

Men, men! Hum - bug - ging men! You're im -
Men, men! Hum - bug - ging men! You're im -

- pos - si - ble nine out of ten; We buy
- pos - si - ble nine out of ten; You are

hats to ap - pease you, New frocks, just to please you, Oh,
hope - less - ly mad things, And still you're not bad things, We

3. Last.

don't we just spoil you, You men!
do ra - ther like you, You men!

rall.

No. 16.

SONG. (Cupid.)

"GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS."

Words and Music by PAUL A. RUBENS.

Piano.

ff

CUP. Tho' I am on-ly a boy it is true, Wo-men play

p

CUP. ha-voc with me as with you. When I have fin-ished with

CUP. saucers and cups, I've my af-fec-tions like all you grown-ups!

CUP.

Girls, girls, girls, bless your curls, curls, curls, Oh! I wor - ship

p

CUP.

all of you, big and small of you, You set my heart all in a

CUP.

thou - sand whirls, You can twist me round your fin-ger can you girls, girls, girls.

CHORUS, CUPID & GIRLS.

Girls, girls, girls, bless your curls, curls, curls, Oh! I wor - ship

ff

all of you, big and small of you, You set my heart all in a

thou - sand whirls, You can twist me round your fin-ger can you girls, girls, girls.

ff

CUP.

I've got a

p

CUP.

heart that is built just like yours, I've had a

CUP.

hun - dred and fif - ty *a - mours!* I don't give diamonds and

CUP.

I'll tell you this, They're jol - ly luck - y if they get a kiss.

CUP.

Girls, girls, girls, bless your curls, curls, curls, Oh! I wor - ship

p

CUP.

all of you, big and small of you, You set my heart all in a

CUP.

thou - sand whirls, You can twist me round your fin-ger can you girls, girls, girls.

CHORUS, CUPID & GIRLS.

Girls, girls, girls, bless your curls, curls, curls, Oh! I wor - ship

ff

all of you, big and small of you, You set my heart all in a

thou - sand whirls, You can twist me round your fin-ger can you girls, girls, girls.

No. 17. SONG. (Cheyne.)

ALGY'S SIMPLY AWF'LLY GOOD AT ALGEBRA.

Words and Music by PAUL A. RUBENS.

Slowly.

Cheyne.

Piano.

1. You
2. He's

f *p*

must have met a friend of mine called Al - gy, that's his name. He
awf' - lly quick at mo - ney things, and if you ask for change, He's

sups out at the Carl - ton all the week. He's an
done it all be - fore you've time to count. Well, he

awf'-lly cle-ver scho-lar, And his Eu-clid's deu-ced fine, And his
does-n't seem to have to think But proves it all by X, So you're

Al-ge-bra is sim-ply mag-ni-fique. Of course he don't know much a-bout the
cer-tain that you've got the right a-mount! And if he meets a la-dy, he can

world and girls and all, But his ma-the-ma-tics no-bo-dy can
tell her age at once, He cal-cu-lates just what she'd *like* to

beat. If you want to know how much you owe, he'll tell you like a shot. He's a
be, Then he adds on sev-'ral win-ters plus a sum-mer and one spring, Then be

fear_f'lly sort of use_ful chap to meet. Oh! Al_gy's sim_ply awf'_lly good at
mul_ti_plies the bloom_ing lot by three. Oh! Al_gy's sim_ply awf_lly good at

Al_ge_bra. He's real_ly awf'_lly smart, He knows ev'_ry_thing by heart. He
Al_ge_bra. He's real_ly awf'_lly smart, He knows ev'_ry_thing by heart. You'll

sits on Boards of Com_pa_nies, At least he don't sit long, He
ask him out to din_ner If you'll just take my ad_vice, It's

goes a_way and hopes the wretch_ed thing is go_ing strong. But
then his power for see_ing things be_comes so awf'_lly nice. Where

when he meets the share - hold - ers, he knows *at once* what's wrong, 'Cos
you would see the same thing once, he'd see the same thing *twice,* And

Al - gy's sim - ply awf' - lly good at Al - ge - bra.
just be - cause he's awf' - lly good at

1.

2.

Al - ge - bra.

3. Oh!

Al - gy's sim - ply won - der - ful the way he adds up things, At
4. Al - gy's awf' - lly pluck - y when there's no - bo - dy a - bout, I've
5. Al - gy mar - ried *such* a jol - ly girl the oth - 'er day— A

Bridge you ought to see him add his scores, At Bil - liards, too, the way he marks is
heard him say he'd do most dreadful things, I've of - ten heard him say that he was
per - fect household gem in ev - 'ry sense; Well, Al - gy's good at fi - gures, But *I've*

per - fect - ly u - nique, He can tell how much he's going to make be -
going to hit me hard Just be - cause I pull the blind down when he
heard Al - gy say *Her* fi - gure's al - ge - bra - ic'l - ly im -

- fore. If he toss - es me for so - ver - eigns he al - ways seems to win, You
sings. Well, one day he got so an - gry that he lost his tem - per quite, And he
- mense. Of course he is - n't with her ve - ry oft - en, you may guess — You

see he al - ways knows what's com - ing down. He
told a chap he'd fight him then and there, But
see he's got such heaps of things to do; And

works it by e - qua - tions and the fun - ny part is this: He
as the man was four - foot - two and Al - gy's six - by - three, It's
if she asks him where he's been he tells her more or less And she

says they won't ap - ply to half - a - crown. For
ob - vious that the pro - blem was - n't fair. But
feels that ev - 'ry word he says is true. For

Al - gy's sim - ply awf' - lly good at Al - ge - bra. He's
Al - gy's sim - ply awf' - lly good at Al - ge - bra. He
Al - gy's sim - ply awf' - lly good at Al - ge - bra, And

real - ly awf - 'lly smart, He knows ev - 'ry - thing by heart. He can
worked the thing out pat, He al - lowed for more than that. When the
when he says a thing It's got such a truth - ful ring. He

tell you if the wea - ther will be i - cy cold or hot, And
chap com - menced to hit him, Al - gy got some fear - ful blows, So he
gives his lit - tle trust - ing wife just fif - ty pounds a year, And *he*

if by chance *he* is not right He says the *wea - ther's not.* If you
sat down just in time to save A smack right on the nose. He
spends sev - er - al thou - sands and he's not a fool, no fear! *She*

put him on to catch De Wet he'd find him like a shot, 'Cos
was - n't real - ly fright - ened, but he thought he'd spoil his clothes. Besides, he
don't know what he does with it, but *he's* made the whole clear. He's work'd

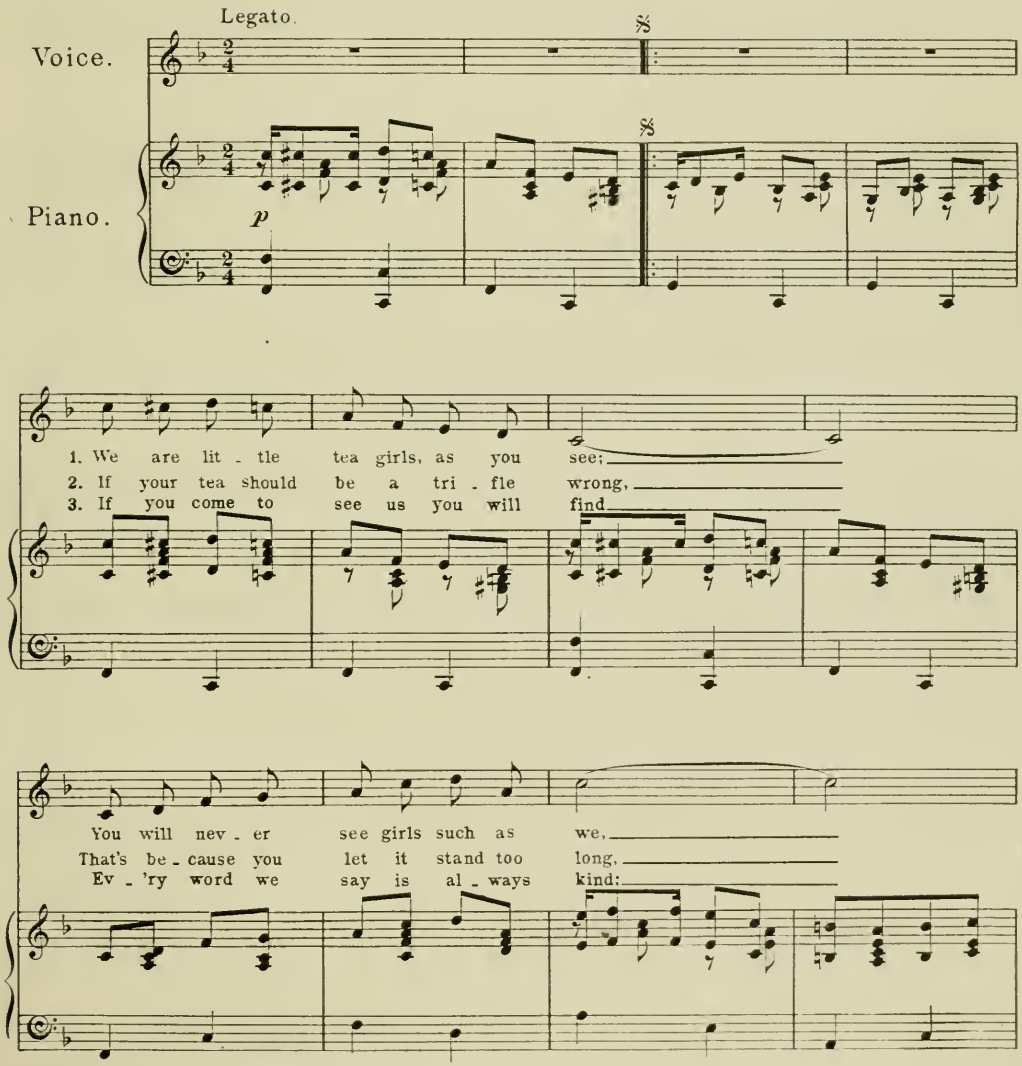
3 & 4. 5.

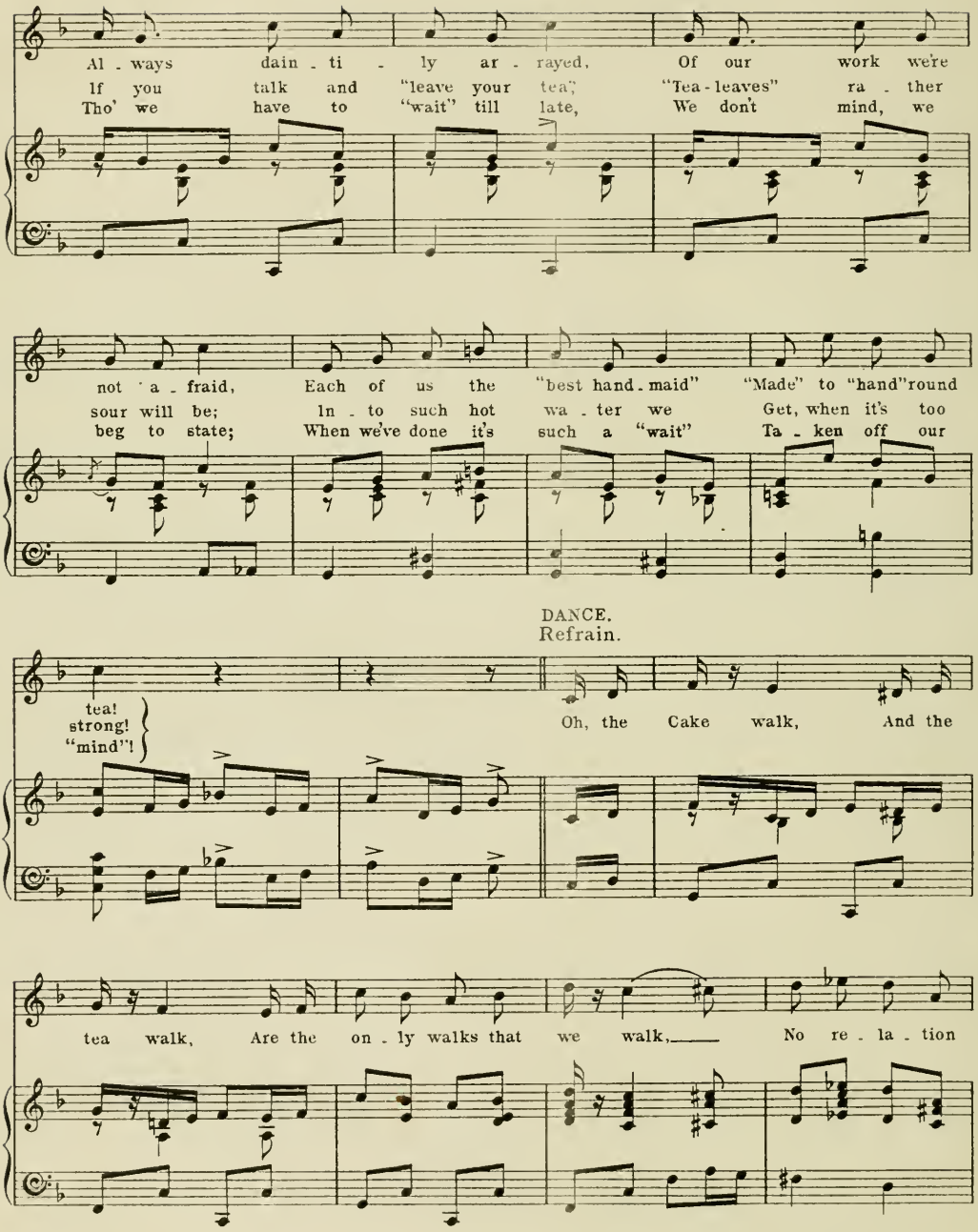
Al - gy's sim - ply awf - 'lly good at Al - ge - bra. Al - ge - bra.
much pre - ferred to work it out in
ev - 'ry sin - gle pen - ny out in

No. 18. TRIO.-(Edna, Hilda and Ada.)

"TEA AND CAKE WALK."

Words and Music by PAUL A. RUBENS.




Al - ways dain - ti - ly ar - rayed, Of our work we're
If you talk and "leave your tea," "Tea - leaves" ra - ther
Tho' we have to "wait" till late, We don't mind, we
not a - fraid, Each of us the "best hand - maid" "Made" to "hand" round
sour will be; In - to such hot wa - ter we Get, when it's too
beg to state; When we've done it's such a "wait" Ta - ken off our
DANCE.
Refrain.
tea!
strong!
"mind"!
Oh, the Cake walk, And the
tea walk, Are the on - ly walks that we walk, No re - la - tion

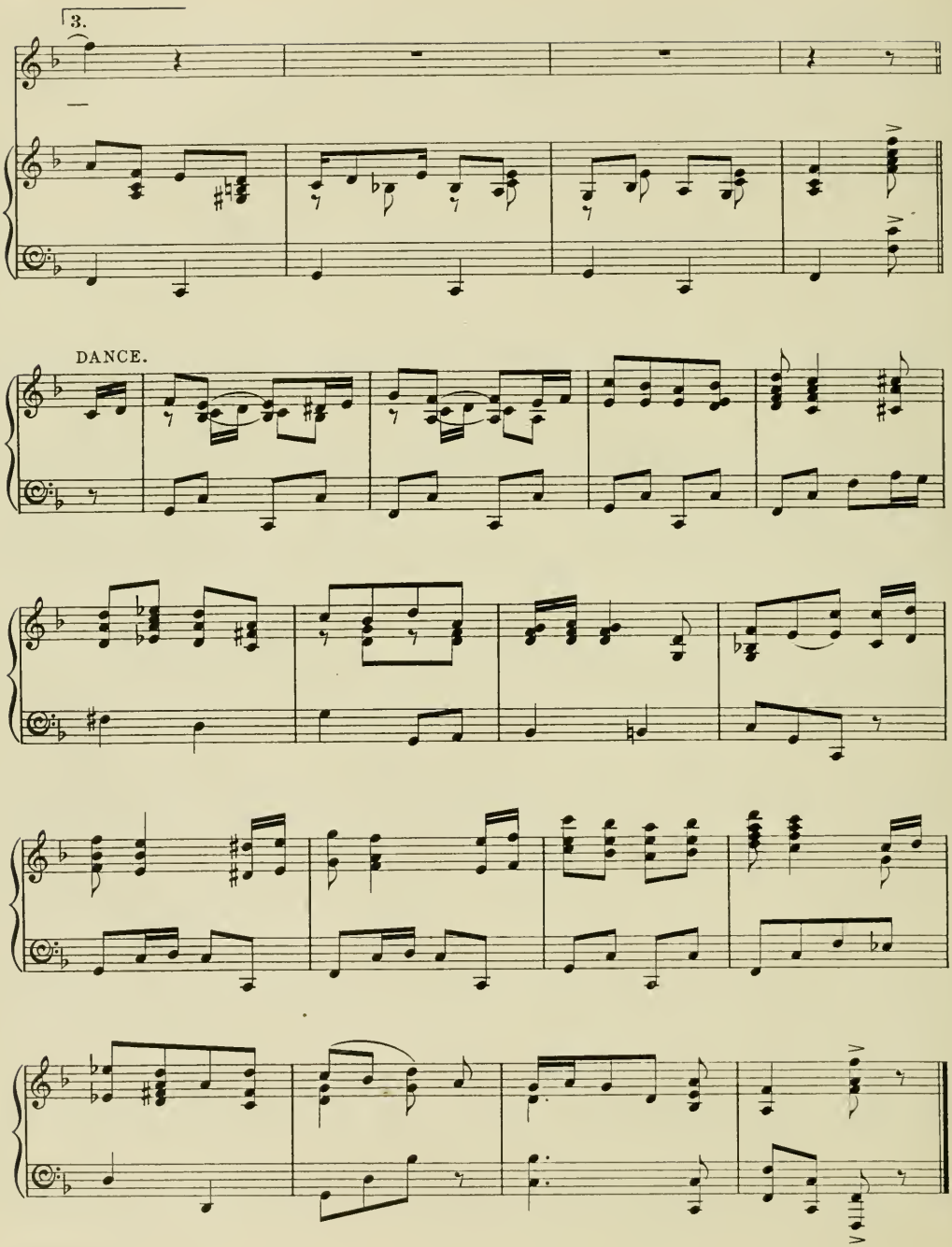
to the coon, Tho' "sau-cer-ly" we treat the "spoon," For it's

on-ly just a "fake walk," Is our love-ly hot tea-

-cake walk, And the more *you* "walk in-to" the cake The more *we* have

1 & 2.

to walk!


3.
DANCE.

No 19. SEXTET.-(Ada, Edna, Hilda, Cheyne, Brian, and De l'Orme.)

"SUPPOSE WE HAVE A BREAKDOWN."

Words by
PERCY GREENBANK.

Music by
HOWARD TALBOT.

Very lively.

Piano.

ff

ALL.

1. You pull at a lev - er or press a knob And the wheels be - gin to hum, You
2. We may be up - set in some lone - ly spot, And o - bliged to tramp for miles All

f *p*

no - tice a kind of a sort of throb, And smell pe - tro - le -
o - ver the fields and a - cross a lot Of ex - treme - ly awk - ward

- um. The wind and the dust in your fac - es will blow, But you'll
stiles. It would be un - plea - sant it can't be de - nied, Should a

f *p*

have to sit tight, And smile, And soon you'll ar - rive where you
show - er of rain be - gin Our clothes would all have to be

want - ed to go, If you don't come to grief mean - while! Oh!
thor - ough - ly dried When we came to a coun - try inn. Oh!

dear, oh! dear, oh! dear! We should - n't like that we
dear, oh! dear, oh! dear! Our clothes will be spoilt, we

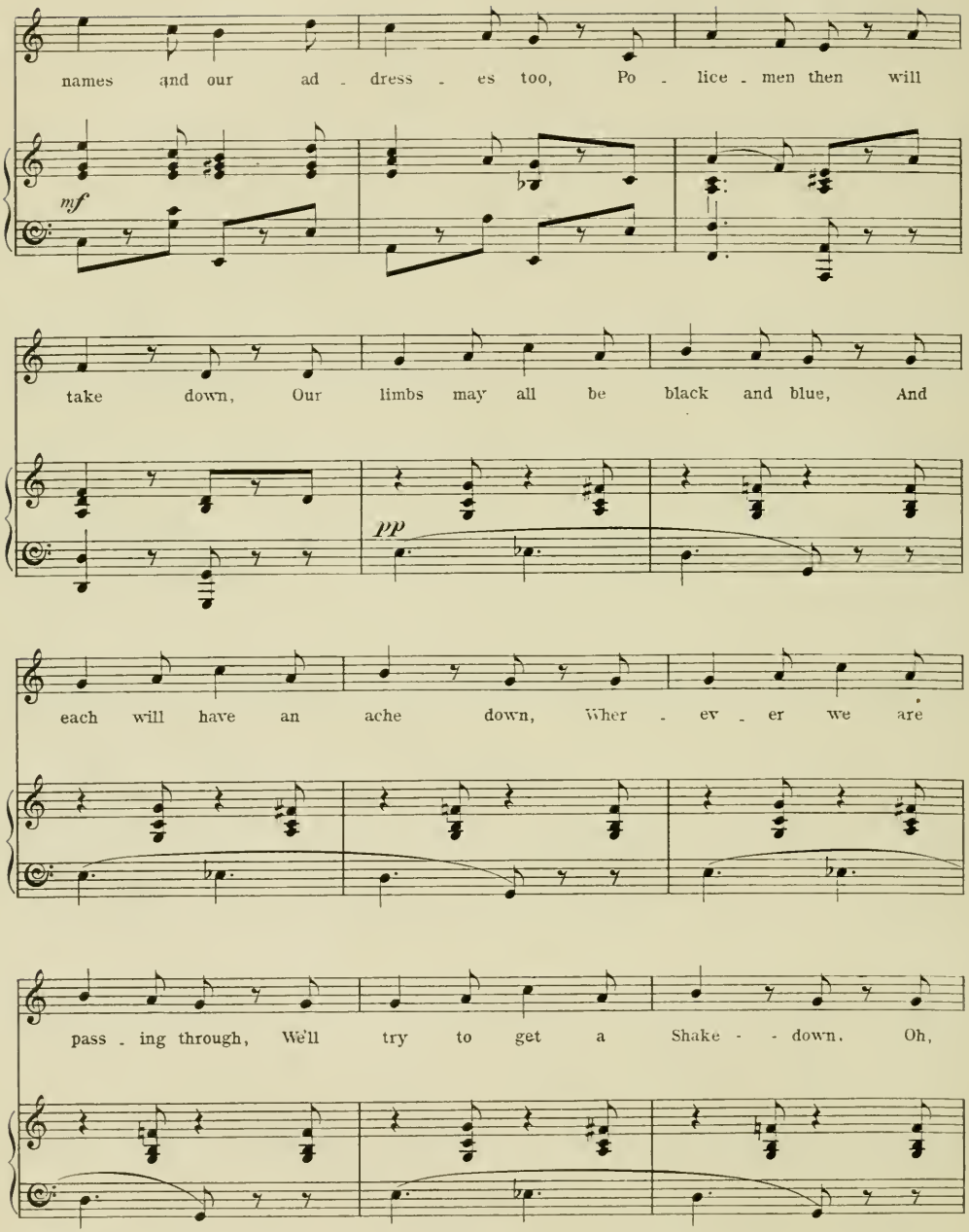
fear!
fear! Sup - pose we have a break - - down, Sup -

f *mf*

- pose we leave the road, Col - lide or pitch right

in - to a ditch, And all of a sud - den ex - plode, Our

ff


names and our ad - dress - es too, Po - lice - men then will
mf
take down, Our limbs may all be black and blue, And
pp
each will have an ache down, Wher - ev - er we are
pass - ing through, We'll try to get a Shake - - down. Oh,

what a fuss For all of us, Sup - pose we have a

f

break - down.

D.C.

ff

No. 20.

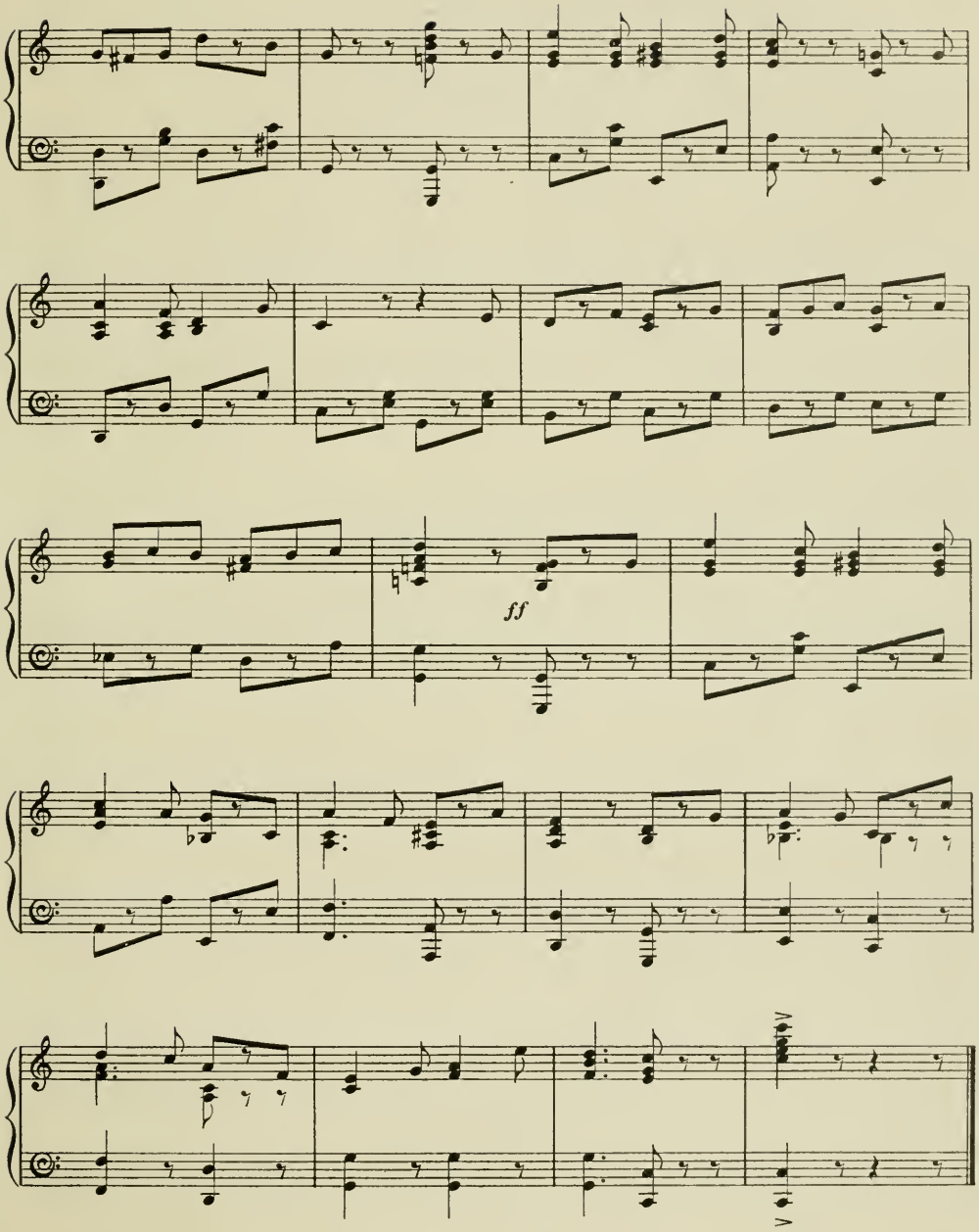
FINALE—ACT II.

Music by
HOWARD TALBOT.

Very lively.

Piano.

pp (*Through Dialogue.*)

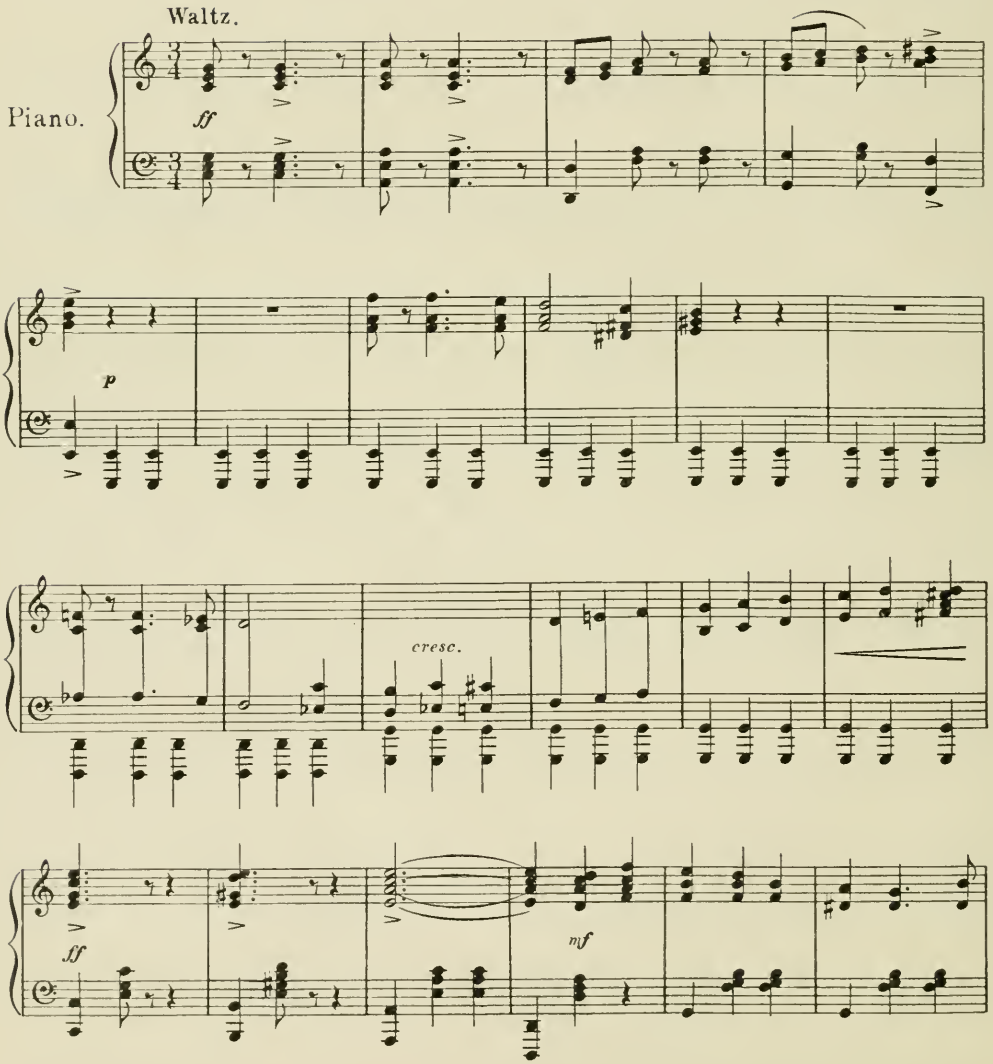


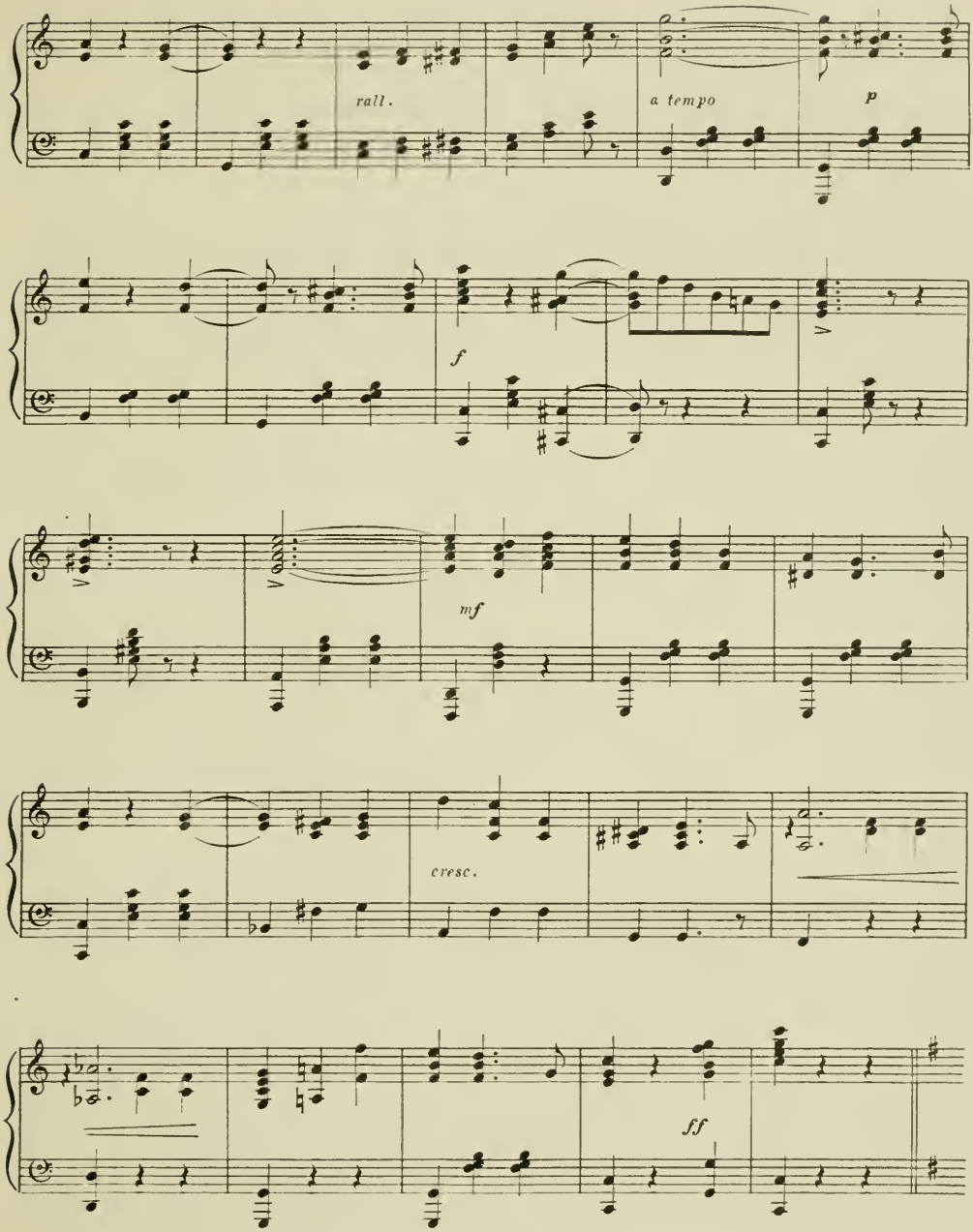
END OF ACT II.

Act III.

No. 21. OPENING CHORUS.

Music by
HOWARD TALBOT.




rall.
a tempo
p
f
mf
cresc.
ff

mf

(CURTAIN.)

CHORUS.

La - dy St Ma - lor - y's friends

La - dy St Ma - lor - y's friends

cresc.

ff

CHO.

— This ev - 'ning are high - ly de - light - ed

— This ev - 'ning are high - ly de - light - 'ed

rall. *a tempo*

CHO. Good-ness knows how much she spends, Or how ma-ny

Good-ness knows how much she spends, Or how ma-ny

rall. *a tempo* *p*

CHO. guests are in-vit-ed; Danc-ing and sup-per be-

guests are in-vit-ed; Danc-ing and sup-per be-

f

CHO. sides, And no one has cause to com-plain. Her

sides, And no one has cause to com-plain. Her

mf

CHO.

La-dy-ship al-ways pro-vides An ex-cel-lent brand of cham-

La-dy-ship al-ways pro-vides An ex-cel-lent brand of cham-

cresc.

CHO.

-pagne. Then the band's ve-ry good,

-pagne. Then the band's ve-ry good,

CHO.

And the floor is just right. Don't

And the floor is just right. Don't

CHO.

we wish that we could keep

we wish that we could keep

CHO.

it up all night, keep it

it up all night, keep it

CHO.

up all night.

up all night.

No. 22.

SONG. (Edna.)

"WHAT IS A MAID TO DO?"

Words and Music by PAUL A. RUBENS.

Slowly, with expression.

Edna.

Piano.

p

EDNA.

1. When a maid loves a man, 'Tis a sad to - do.
2. When a maid loves a man, 'Tis a sad to - do.

EDNA.

What is to be that maid - en's plan Just to in - di - cate,
What is to be her fi - nal plan Just to prove to him,

EDNA.

if she can That she loves him true?
if she can He must love her too?

EDNA.

Half a - fraid she will wait Can he be so un -
Not a - fraid, not too shy, She must be cir - cum -

EDNA.

- kind? Keep - ing her pro - gramme free till late,
- spect. All of his love to win she'll try;

EDNA.

Will she be left in lone - ly state? Is love in - deed so blind?
But she can on - ly do so by Ways that are in - di - rect.

EDNA.

Still her love grows stron-ger, Still she breathes his name;

EDNA.

rall.

Heart pal-pi-ta-ting, Anx-ious-ly wait-ing, Sure-ly he'll come his part-ner to claim.

rall.

EDNA.

a tempo

As the hours grow lon-ger, She grows sad-der too—

a tempo

EDNA.

rall.

Will he not lis-ten? Hard tears glis-ten. What is a maid to do?

rall.

D. S. 𝄋

D. S. 𝄋

DANCE. *After 2nd Verse.*

Valse. *(Very softly and dreamily.)*

rall.

cresc.

EDNA.

What is a maid to do?

No. 23. SONG. (Hilda.) and CHORUS.

"THE FISHES IN THE SEA."

Words and Music by PAUL A. RUBENS.

Moderato.

Piano.

mf

1. When a lit - tle la - dy first comes out, She'll find no end of
2. It is bet - ter far to hes - i - tate, Than find you've been de -
3. Com - pli - ments are such a stand - ing dish, Of course she knows the

p

men a - bout, Dark and fair ones, Small and tall ones,
- ceived too late; So quite gen - tly— In - ci - dent' - lly,—
way to "fish," When a daugh - ter's In low wa - ter,

Ev - 'ry sort of shape and size. She is sure to lose her
Ask him why he loves you so. If he can - not an - swer
She will take the best she can. But if she should be a

heart some day, Sup - pos - ing he should
right a - way, Of course there's no - thing
splen - did match, She'll try to get the

run a - way, She need not flur - ry, Grieve or wor - ry,
more to say, No use wait - ing, Go on bait - ing,
"Sea - son's catch," If her line Is just too fine, It's

If she'll on - ly re - cog - nize:
Peo - ple on the bank should know:
ten to one she'll lose her man.

rall.

REFRAIN.

There are lots of o - ther lit - tle fish - es, Swim - ming in the deep blue
There are lots of o - ther lit - tle fish - es, Swim - ming in the deep blue
There are lots of o - ther lit - tle fish - es, Swim - ming in the deep blue

p

sea. Sharks and floun - ders, Some are thou - sand pound - ers,
sea. Sharks and floun - ders, Gen - tle - men and bound - ers.
sea. Eels and cod - fish, Some are ra - ther odd fish,

MALE CHORUS. SOLO.

Each would be de - light - ed, Just to be in - vi - ted. When I think of
Each would be de - light - ed, Just to be in - vi - ted. When I think of
Each would be de - light - ed, Just to be in - vi - ted. When I think of

all the lit - tle fish - es Swim - ming in the deep blue sea, They're
all the lit - tle fish - es Swim - ming in the deep blue sea, I've
all the lit - tle fish - es Swim - ming in the deep blue sea, It's

one too ma - ny, I shan't ask a - ny— The
made my mind up, My line I'll wind up, The
too much trou - ble To watch each bub - ble, The

1. 2.

fish can come and fish for me. me.
fish can come and fish for me. me.
fish can come and fish for *me.* *me.*

a tempo

D. C. 𝄋

No. 24. SONG.-(Ada.) and CHORUS.

"SOMETHING SWEET ABOUT ME."

Words and Music by PAUL A. RUBENS.

Lively.

Piano.

ff

1. I don't be - lieve I'm
2. You say that I'm at -

p

wit - ty, I can - not think I'm smart: I'm
- trac - tive, I'm told that I am such; Of

sure that I'm not pret - ty, For I know my - self by
course I'm young and ac - tive, But *that's* not ve - ry

heart. I'm not a wealth - y heir - ess, I'm
much. I won - der *what* my charm is! My

not a swell Prin - cess, So real - ly I can -
eyes are not u - nique; It's not my nose, so

- not see why I'm such a big suc - cess.
I sup - pose It's bound to be my "cheek!"

REFRAIN.

But I must have a ra - ther fas - ci - na - ting lit - tle

way, For they say they can't get on with - out

me, So I'm bound to i - ma - gine, (tho' it's not for me to

say), That there must be some - thing sort of sweet a -

- bout me! I must have a ra - ther fas - ci -

CHO. Oh! yes, she must have a ra - ther fas - ci -

- na - ting lit - tle way, For they say they can't get on with - out____

CHO. - na - ting lit - tle way, For they say they can't get on with - out____

mo. So I'm bound to i - ma - gine, (tho' it's not for me to

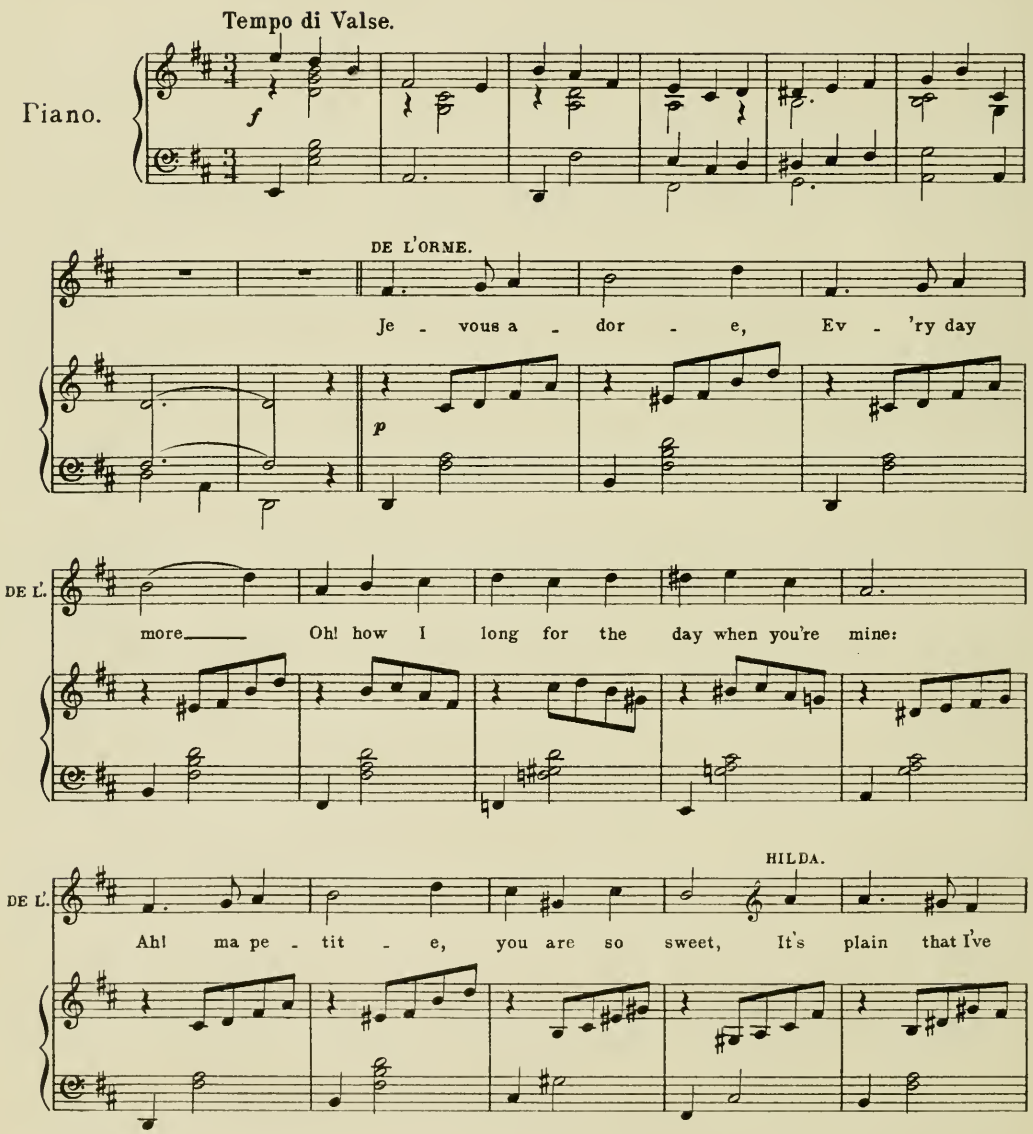
CHO. her, So she's bound to i - ma - gine, (tho' it's not for her to

say), That there must be some - thing sort of sweet a - bout___ me!___

CHO. say), That there must be some - thing sort of sweet a - bout___ her!___

No. 25. DUET. (Hilda and de l'Orme.)

Words and Music by PAUL A. RUBENS.



HIL.

got my fish well on the line.

DE L'ORME.

Then when I make you my wife I will take you Ov-er the sea to my

DE L.

love-ly Pa-ree. On all sides I'll show you, Why, all France shall

HILDA.

DE L.

know you, France must come here if it wants to see me!

REFRAIN.

DE L'ORME.

Viens à Pa - ris, Viens, ma che - rie,

HILDA.

That's all ve - ry well, but just

rall.

a tempo.

DE L'ORME.

HIL. think of the sea, Eh bien c'est ma pa - trie,

HILDA.

I dare - say that may be, But

HIL. I'll take good care that you stay here with me!

rall.

f a tempo.

DE L'ORME.

End - less ca - res - ses, Hats and new dress - es,

p

DE L.

All that I can I will give you, my dear:

DE L.

Dan - cing and din - ing, Cheques all day sign - ing,

HILDA.

HIL.

Don't you think you could do that o - ver here?

DE L'ORME.

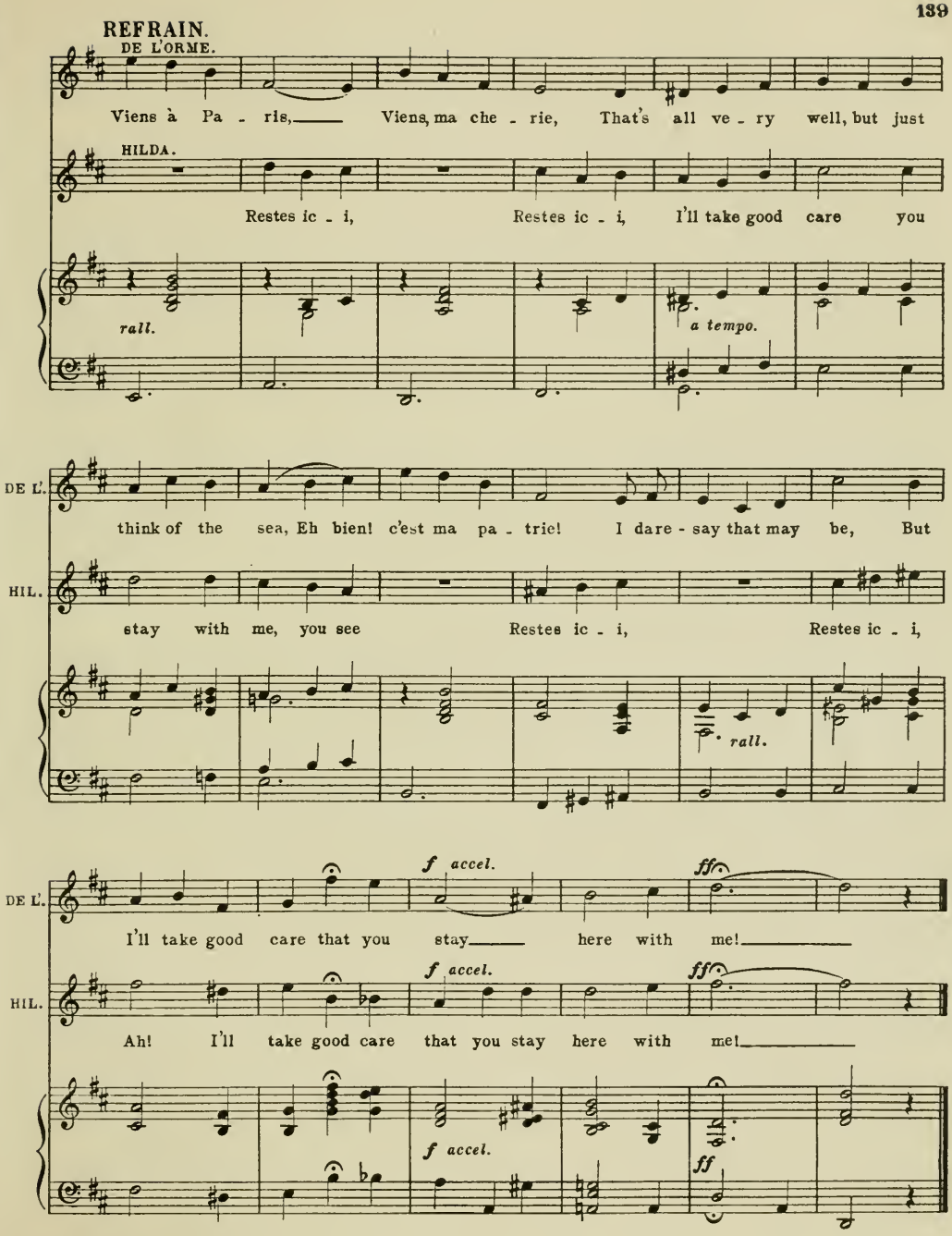
Lon - don is ra - ther too near to your

DE L'. fa - ther, So come to Pa - ris, it is just pa - ra -

HILDA.

DE L'. - dise. All so in - vit - ing, But much too ex -

HIL. - cit - ing, Don't you think Ken - sing - ton sounds quite as nice?


REFRAIN.
DE L'ORME.
Viens à Pa - ris, Viens, ma che - rie, That's all ve - ry well, but just
HILDA.
Restes ic - i, Restes ic - i, I'll take good care you
rall.
a tempo.
DE L.
think of the sea, Eh bien! c'est ma pa - trie! I dare - say that may be, But
HIL.
stay with me, you see Restes ic - i, Restes ic - i,
rall.
f accel.
ff
DE L.
I'll take good care that you stay here with me!
f accel.
ff
HIL.
Ah! I'll take good care that you stay here with me!
f accel.
ff

No. 26.

SEXTET.

"WEDDING MARCH."

Words and Music by PAUL A. RUBENS.

Vivace.

Piano.

ff

EDNA & BRIAN.

1. Oh, what a splen_did thing, To have a wedding ring, And to see
2. There are com_pos_ers few, Who can write marches new, But there is

mf

HILDA & DE LORME.

peo_ple bring Pres_ents ga_lore. March_es we've heard a lot,
one man who Stands quite a_lone. Monck_ton or Sou_sa too,

ADA & CHEYNE.

ff *mf*

ALL.

But when to church we've got, We'll march to one we've not Marched to be_fore.
Tho' you are splendid, you Can't hold a can_dle to F. Men_dels_sohn.

ff

One two three four five six. Oh! the wed-ding march Is the

p *f*

best of fun. As we've won each oth-er We shall soon be one.

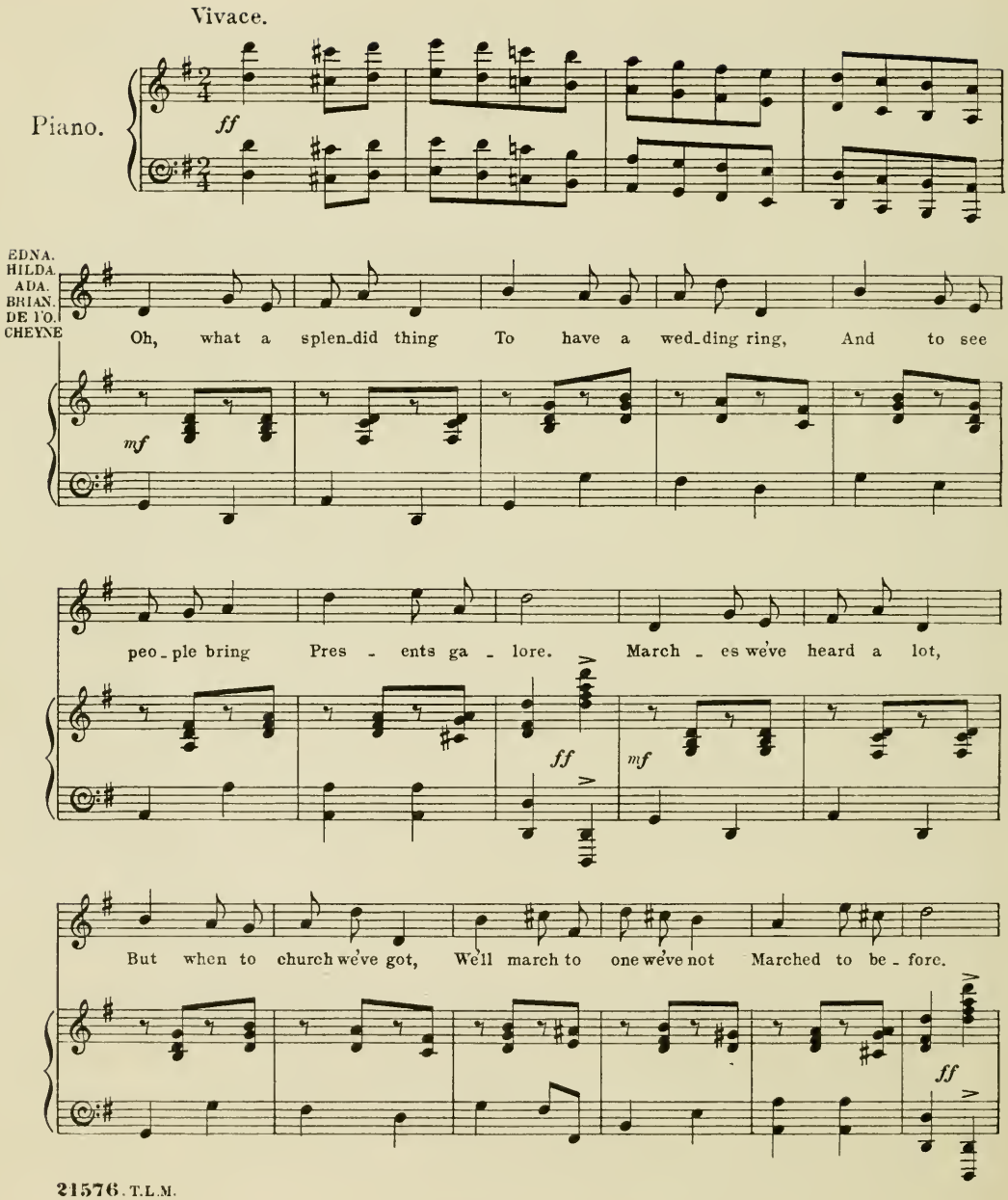
Walk-ing up the aisle, All as stiff as starch, We shall

soon Hear the tune Of the beau-ti-ful wed-ding march.

ff *ff*

D. C.

No. 27. FINALE—ACT III.



One two three four five six. Oh! the wed - ding march Is the

p *f*

best of fun. As we've won each oth - er we shall soon be one.

Walk - ing up the aisle, All as still as starch, We shall

soon Hear the tune Of the beau - ti - ful wed - ding march. Oh! the

ff *ff* *f*

wed - ding march Is the best of fun. As we've won each

CURTAIN.

oth - er We shall soon be one. Walk - ing up the aisle,

All as stiff as starch, We shall soon Hear the tune Of the

beau - ti - ful wed - ding march.

ff *ff*

END OF THE PLAY.

SONG. (Hilda.)

"A REAL TOWN LADY."

Words and Music by PAUL A. RUBENS.

Allegretto.

Hilda.

Piano.

1. It
2. Of

HIL. won't be ve - ry long Be - fore I get to town, And
course I shall in - vite The he - roes of the day; I'll

HIL. then I mean to be A la - dy of re - nown; I'll
write to ev - 'ry Gen - e - ral Who's been a - way; And

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HIL. buy up all I see, CHEY. And owe for all the rest. HIL. For ev - 'ry sin - gle
Tom - my, too, as well, My house I mean to show; Each Of - fi - cer shall

REFRAIN.

HIL. thing I have Must be the ve - ry best!
have a kiss-CH. Hul - lo! Hul - lo! Hul - lo!

HIL. Oh!

p

March time.

HIL. I mean to be a real town la - dy, I mean to be quite

HIL. grand, I mean to give the ve - ry fin - est par - ties,

HIL.

With a Hun - gar - ian band; I mean to en - ter -

HIL.

- tain all Lon - don, Ev - 'ry one there shall come,

HIL.

Dukes and a - ca - de - mi - cians, Sol - diers and po - li - ti - cians,

HIL.

I mean to make things hum. hum.

1. 2.

f f

D.C. %

HIL.

3. I'll

p

p

HIL.

ask a reg' - lar crowd To din - ner ev - 'ry

HIL.

night, The morn - ing pa - pers all Will

HIL.

il - lus - trate the sight, And then, when din - ner's done, At

HIL. Bridge we'll start to play; We won't leave off till break - fast - time. CH. Hur-

HIL. - rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah!

REFRAIN.

HIL. Oh!

p

March time.

HIL. I mean to be a real town la - dy, I mean to be quite

HIL. grand, I mean to give the ve - ry fin - est par - ties,

HIL.

With a Hun-gar-ian band; I mean to en-ter-

HIL.

-tain all Lon-don, Ev-'ry one there shall come,

HIL.

Dukes and a-ca-de-mi-cians, Sol-diers and po-li-ti-cians,

HIL.

I mean to make things hum. hum.

1. 2.

f

Fine.

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